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P O E M S

BY

CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSEND.



Flumina amem, sylvasque inglorius.

L O R D O N .

PRINTED FOR THOMAS BOYS, 7 LUDGATE HILL.

1821.



TO
ROBERT SOUTHEY,

THESE POEMS ARE INSCRIBED,

IN TOKEN OF GRATITUDE, AND AFFECTION.

Nor to thy genius, so diffusely bright,
My Muse, O Southey, pays her homage here,
But to thy virtues, in the private sphere
Of friendship best observ'd. The distant sight
May scan a mountain's majesty, and height,
But only he, whose step hath wander'd near,
Hath seen it's groves, and bosom'd cots appear,
And felt their presence with a home delight.
In early youth, thine ear was kindly lent
To the faint trials of my slender pipe,
And now, when haply still, as then, unripe,
To thee this public tribute I present,
With admiration warm esteem will blend,
And greet thee as the poet less than friend.

POEMS

BY

CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSEND.

"FLUMINA AMEM, SYLVASQUE INGLORIUS."

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

THOMAS BOYS, No. 7, LUDGATE HILL.

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PR 5671
T35 A 17
1821

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PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

A SELECTION OF THE SONGS IN THIS VOLUME,

Set to Music by an eminent Composer.

TO BE PUBLISHED

BY THOMAS BOYS, 7, LUDGATE HILL;

AND TO BE HAD OF ALL MUSIC SELLERS.

* * * The Selection will be sold as a complete Work, and each Song
will also be sold separately.

JERUSALEM.*

My Spirit some transporting Cherub feels
To bear me where the tower of Salem stood,
Once glorious towers, now sunk.—

Milton's Ode on the Passion.

FLUSH'D with her crimes, and swoln with impious pride,
Rebellious Judah still her God defied :
Then on Isaiah's eye prophetic rose
The lengthen'd vision of her future woes ;
Then, with his country's gathering fate imprest,
The sacred fervour labouring in his breast,
Against the guilty race his kindling lyre
Breath'd the deep vengeance of th' Almighty's ire.

“ Hear,† O ye Heavens, and thou, O Earth, give ear,
“ And trembling shrink the awful sounds to hear !

* This Poem obtained the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement July, 1817.

† Isai. i. 2.

“ The Lord—the Lord hath spoken from on high,
“ Whose voice is fate, whose will is destiny.
“ I see ! * I see ! the dread avengers come,
“ Fierce as despair, insatiate as the tomb.
“ Heard ye their wheels, like whirlwinds, sweep around ?
“ Heard ye their thundering coursers beat the ground ?
“ Mark’d ye their spears move on in long array,
“ And shield on shield flash back the beam of day !
“ O’er Salem’s † walls Destruction sternly low’rs,
“ And eyes, impatient, her devoted towers.
“ Bow’d to the dust, ‡ she mourns her slaughter’d bands,
“ And strives in vain to lift her fetter’d hands.”

O greatly-fall’n, how humbled is thy state !
Thy fields how bare, thy courts how desolate !
Where Joy was wont the nightly dance to lead,
Shrieks the lone bat, and hungry vultures feed ;
There the fierce dragon finds a place of rest,
And boding screech-owls build their secret nest.
No more, Bethesda, o’er thy desert springs
Descending Seraphs wave their healing wings ;
No more sweet sounds, at morn or eve, declare
That hosts angelic hover on the air :
All—all is fled ; and Desolation reigns,
Without a rival, o’er thy ravaged plains.

* Isai. v. 26, &c. and xxix. 6. † Isai. xxix. 3. ‡ Idem, 4th verse

O days divine ! of you may mortal sing,
When God himself was Israel's Guard and King ?
Will not the eloquence of earthly speech
Fail from a height, which fancy scarce can reach ?
To know Creation's Monarch ever nigh,
A staff in sorrow, and a friend in joy ;
To see Heav'n's glories visibly display'd,
And all its Seraphim in light array'd ;
These were thy rights, O Israel, this thy boast,
These the high joys, thy disobedience lost.

Bear witness, Hermon, thou whose dewy sod
Has felt the footstep of a present God ;
And, Carmel, thou, whose gales, with incense fraught,
The murmurs of a voice divine have caught ;
What dreams extatic o'er the vot'ry stole,
How swell'd the pious transport in his soul ;
Ev'n now, when o'er your long-forsaken sweets
The pilgrim lingers, in your lov'd retreats,
Steal visionary forms along the vale,
And more than music whispers on the gale.

O had I pinions,* fleet as those, that bear
The dove exulting through the realms of air,
Then would I visit every holy shade,
Where Saints have knelt, or prophets musing stray'

* Psalm lv. 6.

Bend, with a sigh, o'er every relic near,
And pay each shrine the tribute of a tear.

Where o'er the wasté, in rude disorder thrown,
Neglected lie yon crumbling heaps of stone,
O who (sad change !) the blest abode could tell,
Where God's own glory once vouchsafed to dwell ?
Yet fancy still the ruined fane can raise
Bright with the glories of departed days ;
Swift to the view its scatter'd wealth restore,
And bid its vanished splendors beam once more.
Ev'n as I gaze,* the sudden spires ascend,
With graceful sweep the long-row'd arches bend ;
Aspiring shafts the heaving dome sustain,
And lift the growing fabric from the plain.
See, as it rises, all the world combine
Its various gifts to deck the work divine :
Nature no more her secret treasures hides,
The mine uncloses, and the deep divides.
Mild o'er the wave the fav'ring breezes play,
And waft the Tyrian purple on its way.
Her purest marble rocky Paros lends,
Her sweetest odours soft Idumè blends ;
On Carmel's heights the stately cedar falls,
And Ophir glistens on the polish'd walls.

* 1 Kings, ch. vi. passim.

See, while the slow-expanding gates unclose,
How rich within the boundless lustre glows !
Here the tall palm for ever lives in gold,
There, sculptur'd flowers their fretted leaves unfold ;
Thro' the long aisles bright lamps incessant beam,
And burnish'd censers roll the spicy stream.
But far within retires the dread abode,
Jehovah's throne—the Oracle of God ;
Two cherubs there, with mimic glories bright,
High o'er the ark their guardian wings unite.
Beneath that shade no earthly treasures lie,
No emblems frail of human majesty.
But there enshrin'd the Holy Tablets rest,
By God ordain'd, by God himself imprest.

Thine were these mighty works, by thee design'd,
Belov'd of God, and wisest of mankind.
What* to thy Sire the will of Heav'n denied
To thee it gave, propitious, to provide.
Yet, while thy temple in the dust decays,
Lives the full splendor of his sacred lays,
O skill'd to wake the ever-varying lyre,
With all a Prophet's—all a Poet's fire,
What breast, that does not kindle at thy strain ?
What heart, that melts not, when thy strings complain ?

* 2 Sam. vii. 4.

Hark, how the notes in mounful cadence sigh,
Soft as the breeze, that only wakes to die.
Chang'd is their tone ; th' impetuous measures sweep,
Like the fierce storm conflicting with the deep.
Now all th' angelic host at once combine
Their golden harps in unison with thine.
Extatic fervors seize the trembling soul,
And Halleluiahs ring from pole to pole.

What* fearful omens heralded the hour,
That gave Judæa to a tyrant's power !
While sank the sun, amid the western blaze
Terrific visions burst upon the gaze,
Unearthly spears reflect the setting beam,
Swords wave, helms glitter, hostile standards stream ;
And thronging chariots, hurrying swiftly by,
Sweep the wide air, 'till darkness veils the sky,
Nor ceas'd the portents then : a lurid light
Shot a fierce splendor from the clouds of night ;
Its own sad hue o'er all the temple spread,
And on each fear-struck face a ghastlier paleness shed.

See ! see ! untouch'd by any human hand,
The temple's gates—her massy gates—expand !
No earthly sound is that within I hear,
Like distant waters rolling on the ear,

* Josephi Hist. et Tacit. lib. v. c. 13.

Proclaiming, as its awful thunders swell,
“ The Lord no more in Israel deigns to dwell :”
No mortal foot th’ affrighted threshold trod—
’Tis God’s own voice, the parting step of God !

Yes, thou art now abandon’d to thy fate ;
Vain is regret, repentance comes too late.
Already onward rush thy angry foes,
Already thy devoted walls enclose :
Death with pleas’d eye pursues their destin’d way,
And cheers them on, exulting, to their prey.

Darker, and darker still thy doom appears,
And Sorrow’s face a sterner aspect wears.
In vain with equal hand doth justice deal
To each the stinted and unjoyous meal ;
With looks despairing, as they ask for food,
Breaks one shrill shriek from all the multitude :
No more remains to fan life’s feeble fires,
And Hope’s last throb just flutters, and expires.
Ev’n the fond mother, seiz’d with madness wild,
While in her arms th’ unconscious infant smil’d,
Drove to its heart the unrelenting steel,
And quench’d her fury on th’ accursed meal.

Amid the tumult of the embattled field,
Death ! thy stern terrors are but half reveal’d.
For, ev’n if Victory smile not, Glory’s beam
Casts a clear light on life’s last ebbing stream.

But, worn by wasting famine, to decay,
Hour after hour, by slow degrees away ;
No cheering hope, no glowing pulse to feel,
No daring fervor of exalted zeal ;
Sunk in despair, to wish, yet fear to die,
This—this is death, in all its agony !

Yet, worn by hunger, and opprest with ill,
Thy hardy sons remain unconquered still.
Weakness, and strength alike their weapons wield,
And they, who cannot conquer, scorn to yield.

Hark, how without the deaf'ning tumult grows,
How swell the shouts of thy victorious foes !
Behold, ten thousand torches, hurl'd on high,
Gleam o'er the walls, and seem to fire the sky.
Now, Salem, now, the spreading flame devours
Thy homes, thy temple, and thy headlong towers :
Now Vengeance smiling scours th' ensanguin'd plain,
And waves her pinions o'er thy countless slain.

'Tis done ; proud Salem smokes along the ground,
Her pow'r a dream, her name an empty sound.
To other realms, still ling'ring as they go,
Her children stray, in mute despairing woe ;
While all the malice of relentless hate,
Beneath their foes, the captive race await ;
With no kind care their inward wounds to heal,
While insult sharpens ev'ry pang they feel.

Yet say, base outcasts of offended Heav'n,
Rebelling still as often as forgiv'n,
Say, are the woes, that now your race pursue,
More than your crimes, or heavier than your due?
How oft your God has turn'd his wrath away,
How oft in mercy has forborne to slay!
How long* by gentle chastisement he strove
To win once more his people to his love!
Ah, call to mind, when in a distant land
Forlorn ye bow'd beneath a stranger's hand,
His hot displeasure on your haughty foes
Pour'd the full tempest of unsparing woes.
Then, as his flock the tender shepherd leads
To softer herbage, and more fertile meads,
He led his chosen people far away,
Their guide in darkness, their defence by day.
Lo, at his word, th' obedient depths divide,
And 'whelm th' Egyptian in their refluent tide;
While rescued Israel, free from ev'ry care,
Gains the wish'd bank, and pours the vocal prayer.
From the cleft rock see sudden rills rebound,
And spread fresh verdure o'er the thirsty ground!
Yet still anew your disobedience sprung,
And discontent still murmur'd on your tongue;

* Psalm cv. and cvi. passim.

To graven idols still the knee ye bow'd,
And join'd in Baal's courts th' incestuous crowd.
Still in your pride ye mock'd the threat'ning Seer,
As the deaf adder shuts her reckless ear;
Plung'd in the Prophet's breast th' unhallow'd sword,
And dared to slay the chosen of the Lord.

Swift into light th' expected years roll on,
Th' Almighty Father sends his promised Son.
Not as when Sinai view'd the law reveal'd
In fearful lightning, and in thunder seal'd;
Now peaceful omens cheer the drooping earth,
And hail the tidings of the Heav'nly birth.
'Twas in the solemn stillness of the night,
When the mild moon diffused her quiet light,
When all the world subsided into sleep,
The wakeful shepherds watch'd their folded sheep.
Clad in the radiant glory of the skies,
A form angelic burst upon their eyes;
And, slowly stealing on their wond'ring ear,
Rose the glad sounds, 'twas Heav'n itself to hear.
"Joy to the world! ye nations, cease to mourn,
"Now is the Christ, the promis'd Saviour, born!"
And, lo, descending, the celestial train
Swell the full chorus of the rapt'rous strain;
Till on the gale the notes departing die,
And the bright vision melts into the sky.

Did ye not then with bursts of transport raise
The loud hosannah of exulting praise?
With trembling homage round his cradle bend,
Watch every look, and every smile attend;
And all Creation's noblest gifts combine
To form an off'ring for the Babe divine?
Or, when, his mortal part matured to man,
His earthly ministry at length began,
Did ye not crowd his heav'nly words to hear,
And drink instruction with delighted ear?
No—harden'd still your stubborn souls remain,
As sterile rocks resist the softening rain.
Tho' to the blind unwonted day returns,
And pale Disease with health's new ardor burns;
Tho', deaf to other voice, th' obedient tomb
For him revers'd her universal doom;
More fell than sickness, colder than the grave,
Ye shar'd his gifts, yet spurn'd at him who gave.

Driv'n * thro' the world, unknowing where to lie,
Despis'd, rejected, and condemn'd to die,
Before his foes behold Messiah stand,
Meek † as a lamb beneath the shearer's hand.
O turn on yonder faded form your eyes,
Oppress'd with sorrow, and consumed in sighs!

* Isai. liii. 3.

† Idem, 7th verse.

Mark that pale brow, with streaming blood embrued,
Where resignation blends with fortitude;
Those lips in inward prayer that gently move,
Those eyes, yet beaming with unconquer'd love;
The meek forgiveness which those looks declare,
That holy calm; and say, if guilt be there?

O love unbounded, more than words can tell
Tho' hymning angels on the theme should dwell:
Not to one people, not one age, confined;
But flowing ever on to all mankind!
See, on the cross those limbs in torture hang,
Convulsed, and quiv'ring with the deathful pang!
A deeper sorrow dwells upon that face,
Than Pain's severest agony could trace;
Ev'n now his spirit mourns Creation's woes,
And breathes compassion for his cruel foes.
See, by a world's united crimes opprest,
He bows his head submissive on his breast.
Now fades the light from those expiring eyes,
And Judah's King—her Lord—her Saviour dies!

Can this be He before whose awful nod
Ev'n seraphs shrink? Is this the Son of God?
Heir of the world, and Monarch of the sky?
The voice of Nature shall itself reply.

Else why, O Sun, conceal thy face in dread,
Why tremble, Earth,* and why give up thy dead?
Why rends the temple's mystic veil in twain,
And fearful thunders shake th' affrighted plain?

Yet, blind to truth, say, wretched outcasts, say,
Wait ye the Saviour of a future day?

Lo, he has lived to bless, has died to save,
And burst the brazen fetters of the grave!

Awake, redeem'd Jerusalem,† awake,
And from the dust thy sullied garments shake!
From thy gall'd neck unloose the servile bands,
And cast the fetters from thy captive hands.

Break forth, ye mountains, into joyful song!
Ye barren wilds, the rapt'rous strain prolong!

Barren no more; unwonted verdure grows,
And the dry desert blossoms as the rose.

Behold, all Nature proves a second birth,
New skies embrace a new-created earth:
From the glad scene for ever Woe retires,
Pain is no more, and Death himself expires.

Ye angels, strike the full-resounding lyre,
Swell the glad chorus, all ye heav'nly choir!

She comes!‡ she comes! descending from on high
The Holy City meets the ravish'd eye!

* Matt. xxvii. 51, 52.

† Isai. lii. 1, 2, 9.

‡ Rev. xxi. 1, 2, &c.

Bride of the Lamb, without a spot, or stain,
Cleans'd of her crimes, and ransom'd of her chain.
Look at her gates, her glorious tow'rs behold,
More clear than crystal, and more pure than gold.
There dwell the Lord's Redeem'd in glory bright,
Gaze on his face, and live amidst his light :
Taste the delights, that time can ne'er destroy,
Eternal fulness of unfading joy.

A DRAMATIC ODE.

Destiny enters, and sings.

YE Passions, and ye Powers, who rule
The mind of man with sway severe,
And form it in your stormy school,
You I summon to appear !

Enter Passions, &c. They sing in chorus.

Mistress of events below,
Wherefore hast thou call'd us here ?

Destiny.

That ye might yon babe endow,
Just enter'd this perturbed sphere.
About the cradle, where he lies,
Knit your hands in charmed ring,
And, to baffle mortal eyes,
All around, your dark spells fling :

Meantime, the thread of fate I'll twine,
And ratify whate'er ye sing,
And, woven with the web, combine
The varied gifts, that each shall bring.
First approach, and from this urn
The number'd lots in order take,
And, as they indicate, in turn,
Your magic minstrelsy awake :
And, to guide the measures, learn
This oracle, the Fates have given,
“ Peace, his anxious suit shall spurn,
“ Until he seek her gifts from Heaven.”

They draw the lots; after which, Fear, Sorrow, &c. sing together.

Huzza ! huzza ! the boy is ours,
He is for the darker Powers !
For, lo, the wildest, and the worst
Must endow the infant first !
Come, tumultuous spirits, come !
Fix his fate, pronounce his doom !
Round his heart, and o'er his head,
Weave your imprecations dread !
Breathe your mutter'd curses deep,
O'er his still unconscious sleep ;

Sleep, such as he no more shall know,
When Reason wakes his soul to woe.
Why do we linger? haste! begin!
Destiny, the thread doth spin!

Fear.

By the vague, uncertain dread,
Of Fancy born, by Anguish bred,
Which knows not what, or where to fly,
Worse than worst reality :
By the pressure of the heart,
By the poignant thrills that dart
From that citadel of flame,
Like lightning, o'er the shivering frame :
By the busy, restless brain,
Admonished by the past in vain,
Which pries into the future still,
Combining each wild form of ill;
By th' infernal band, who wave
Their smoke-stain'd torches o'er the grave ;
By the dread gulf, that yawns below,
Peace he cannot, shall not, know !

Sorrow.

By the burning tear, or worse,
By the blasting, tearless curse ;

By the sigh he still must heave
Yet ne'er his weary breast relieve ;
By the numbing sense of ill,
Which shall hang upon him still,
And heavy on his heart shall press,
When wak'd to morn's sad consciousness ;
By all the keener pangs of woe,
Peace he cannot, shall not, know !

Hope.

Did ye mark that I am here,
Life's radiant sun, his soul to cheer ?
My arc of promise I will throw
Bright o'er th' opposing clouds of woe ;
I will teach his gifted glance
To sweep the future's wide expanse,
And draw such lovely visions there,
As shall win his soul from care.

Disappointment.

One frown of mine shall sink to nought
Thy airy forms, from nothing wrought ;
Thou, his worst friend, shalt point my dart,
And guide it to his inmost heart.
Nay, bland deceiver, but for thee,
How could my subtle torments be ?

Thus, the same doom we both bestow ;
Peace he cannot, shall not, know !

Love.

Never shalt thou find a being,
Heart and soul with thine agreeing,
Yet to love shall ever be
Thy nature's strong necessity ;
To love, till all thy soul is grown
One thought of what thou lov'st, alone ;
And this, the anguish thou shalt prove,
Ne'er to be lov'd, as thou dost love.
This must thou feel, yet strive to cheat
Thy spirit with the fond deceit,
That others can with thee combine,
And love thee with a love like thine ;
Then, from the dream reluctant start, }
In utter hopelessness of heart, }
And know they are not, as thou art. }
Still shall thy breast in secret boil,
Thy thoughts upon themselves recoil,
Driv'n back by words that answer not
To all, thy depth of feeling sought ;
By looks, that ne'er to thine reply,
Nor send, in lightning thro' the eye,

When in one look thy whole soul pouring,
A kindred soul, to meet thee soaring ;
And, oh, how quickly shalt thou mark
Affection's scarcely-fading spark !
The slightest gesture, glance, or tone,
Seen, noted, felt, by thee alone,
Shall to thy quicken'd sense betray
Love's least perceptible decay ;
Yea, ere the alter'd heart confess,
Ev'n to itself, the ardor less.
Then thy jarr'd mind, too clearly view'd,
Shall seem thy temper's sullen mood,
And ever more and more estrange
Those, who began the bitter change ;
Yet all the fault, still thine shall seem,
Caprice or Fancy's wayward dream,
Since mark'd their change by thee alone,
By each more casual eye, thine own :
These woes I bring ; and if, fond boy,
Thou snatch from me a transient joy,
Learn, ev'n my joys from tumult flow,
And peace thou can'st not, shalt not, know !

Memory.

In the soft guise of pensive pleasure
I will creep into his breast,

Meet him in each hour of leisure,
And steal, and steal away his rest.

In some deep cave, with me retir'd,
For long hours shall he sit and sigh,
The future shall not be desir'd,
The present shall not fix his eye.

Fair occasions shall be crost,
While on the past his soul shall muse,
And, as I tell of moments lost,
Many more he still shall lose.

Yet the more I work him ill,
He shall clasp me closer still :
Am not I the subtlest foe ?
Peace he cannot, shall not, know !

Feeling.

By the soreness of the soul,
Which from every touch doth shrink,
Which mocks at Reason's sage controul,
And drives the mind to madness' brink :
Which points each light, sarcastic word
Keener than a two-edged sword,
And makes the pierc'd, resisting heart
Quiver, and writhe beneath the smart,

Impotent to calm the throe,
Peace he cannot, shall not, know !

Disease.

Health, away, for he is mine !
Ev'n from this hour thy claim resign.
Lo, I give, my birth-day boon,
The frame susceptible, which most soon
My subtle fingers can untune. }
Come, ye pale troop, that own my sway,
See your victim, seize your prey !
Thou, Consumption, hover near,
Excite, but do not end his fear !
Fever, thou, o'er burning brain,
And throbbing pulse, usurp thy reign !
Horror, on his midnight couch,
Dark fiend malign, in silence crouch.
Banish——yet no, let Sleep attend,
But not, as pictured, sorrow's friend.
Let him start, from dreams of ill,
To waking visions, direr still,
With bursting heart, and glazing eye,
Fix'd intent on vacancy,
Darken'd soul, suspended breath,
As struggling in the arms of death.

When his heart would blithely bound,
And scenes of pleasure smile around,
I will be a cloud between,
Ev'n when unthought of, dimly seen ;
I will wrap the heav'ns in gloom,
And make all earth appear one tomb ;
By these tortures, sure tho' slow,
Peace he cannot, shall not, know !

Chorus of Passions, that preside over the senses.

Thou shalt despise our baser powers.
But revenge, revenge, is ours !
Two struggling natures strive in thee,
And fearful shall the conflict be !
While thy nobler soul resents,
Chain'd amid fighting elements,
Thou, amidst their endless war,
Shalt act what most thou dost abhor.
See, we present our poison'd bowl,
Dark, and deadly to the soul.
He turns away, he will not sip,
But we hold it to his lip,
And, while our force he vainly spurns,
Meet him wheresoe'er he turns.
We prevail ! 'Tis quaff'd ! 'Tis quaff'd !
Ev'n while he sickens at the draught !

This is a noble victory,
O'er others we by art prevail,
But by force we conquer thee,
And, alluring not, assail.
Vainly didst thou our magic brave,
For thou art now our tool, our slave.
Then wide around the chorus throw,
Peace he cannot, shall not, know !

Remorse.

Then will I seize my destin'd prey,
And fix my silent stings within,
Nor hope of mercy shall allay
Th' eternal consciousness of sin.
Whither should the guilty flee
From their weight of misery ?
When each flower, that paints the vale,
And every odour of the gale,
Every blithely-warbling bird,
In childhood's hour as blithely heard,
Only brings the blasting sense
Of departed innocence.
When the sun, so warm and bright,
Only recalls the mental night,
And his cool, peaceful sister-star,
Does but contrast the inward war,

Toss'd by passion's wildest fray,
When he would, but cannot, pray ;
From the damning past would flee
Into the dark futurity,
Yet from the future turns aghast,
Back upon the damning past ;
Whither should the guilty flee
From his weight of misery ?
No spot of rest is found below ;
Peace he cannot, shall not, know !

Despair.

Last of the Gorgon train, and worst, I come,
And lay my icy fingers on his heart,
Joy withers at the touch, and Grief is dumb,
Feeling is sear'd, yet will not all depart.

Unfit to live, yet unprepar'd to die,
At war with earth, yet not at peace with heaven ;
From all he loathes, endeavoring still to fly,
Yet back, for ever back, by furies driven ;

How shall he gaze around, with madness fraught,
While pang on pang comes grappling with his soul,
And pray but for one hour's suspended thought,
But no ! still on the waves of misery roll.

'Till, sunk in sullen apathy profound,
Worse than extremity of keenest ill,
My winding-sheet shall wrap his soul around,
Not in repose, but winter's deadly chill.

Such peace is mine, such peace will I bestow,
But other peace he cannot, shall not, know.

They all unite in chorus.

'Tis done, 'tis done! The web is spun,
Stamp'd with our curses, black as night,
O'er its texture, deep, and dun,
What shall fling a gleam of light?
Then wide around the chorus throw,
Peace he cannot, shall not, know!

Destiny.

Pause, for your triumph is not yet complete;
Ye milder Powers, 'tis yours to sing;
Ye, who the pangs of sorrow cheat,
What gentler gifts have ye to bring?

No common lot, O babe, is thine,
Ah happier if it were!
Brightly shall thy pleasure shine,
Dark be thy despair.

Changeful April sees thy birth,
Thine the April of the soul,
Hope, and Fear, and Grief, and Mirth,
In swift succession, roll.

But come, ye more benignant Powers,
Whose smile rude life adorns,
Twine your few remaining flowers
With this sad wreath of thorns.

Joy.

Tho' a doom thus dark be thine,
Yet thou shalt not always pine ;
I, too, in thy youthful heart
Oft will claim a rapturous part,
And, tho' few thy pleasures be,
Exalt them all to extasy.
In one moment shalt thou know
More concentrated delight,
Than others thro' whole years, that flow
Ever peaceful, ever bright.
And, thy woes to recompense,
Thy pleasures shall be all thine own,
Not the fleeting joys of sense,
Which, when at their height, are flown,

But such as grow from day to day,
And none can give, or take away ;
Joys from Nature's self that spring,
Like her for ever varying ;
Joys, which to the world seem folly,
Half allied to melancholy ;
Joys, which the world, or the world's friend
Can never, never comprehend.
The common air, the open sky,
The smallest brook, that murmurs by,
Shall tenfold more of rapture bring,
Than thrones, and kingdoms to their king.

Fancy.

How shalt thou start in pleas'd amaze,
When, by my daring hand unveil'd,
From each ungifted eye conceal'd,
The whole unreal world shall burst upon thy gaze !
When the palace of my art
Its opal gates shall wide expand,
And all, that I can best impart,
Tempts thee to my blissful land.
Lo, as he stands in wonder near,
Wild, uncertain harmony,
Sounds, that sink, and swell, and die,
Melt upon his tranced ear.

And all within a world of vision,
Ever moving round in light,
Forms of love, and scenes Elysian,
Tript by fairy, elf, and sprite.

But, as he enters, rapt he sinks to ground,
O'ercome with dazzling light, o'erpower'd by bursting
sound ;

Lapt in celestial dreams forgets his woes,
And drinks, in my fond arms, the Lethe of repose.

Music.

Gently, on my soothing breast,
I his aching head will lay,
Sweetly soothe his cares to rest,
And sing his woes away.

Oh, how his inmost soul
Shall vibrate to my voice,
Where the peal'd organ's thunders roll,
And solemnly rejoice.

First, faint and slow,
The gradual numbers flow ;
Then, stealing, swelling on the ear,
Rise the successive notes, more loud and clear,
Till all is blissful harmony around,
And the full streams unite in all the pomp of sound.

His spirit rises with each rising note,

The future is not fear'd, the past forgot.

Yes, tyrant Passions, ye shall know

That I am sovereign o'er your tumult still,

Can lead you captive at my will,

Make ev'n Despair to weep, and win a smile from Woe.

Painting.

I to thy hand my magic pencil give,

At whose warm touch the canvas learns to live ;

But chief endow thee with the gifted eye,

Each latent charm of Nature to descry ;

And know the combinations, and the power

Of hill, vale, forest, light, shade, sun, and shower ;

Whate'er the loom can weave, the chisel trace,

Proportion's loveliness, and beauty's grace.

Nor forms alone, that meet the outward view ;

I will embody all that Fancy drew,

Snatch my far objects from each clime remote,

And, in arresting each ærial thought,

Give pause to sorrow, lighter moments bring,

When long disease has fetter'd their slow wing.

Poetry.

Ye Powers, and varied Passions, ye

Have but prepar'd the boy for me !

Lo, I claim him for my own,
He is mine, and mine alone,
Thought and feeling, soul and heart,
Never, never more to part!
Nor need I draw new gifts from Heaven,
I only give a voice to all that ye have given.
As, o'er his breast, each passion steals,
He shall sing whate'er he feels,
And never pour his griefs in vain,
For singing he shall soothe his pain.
All that he shall hear or see,
Shall suggest a theme for me.

He shall love me with an ardor

Time, nor change, nor grief, can chill,

Anguish shall but draw him nearer,

He shall love me best in ill.

He shall slight the world for me,

From its joys and tumults flee;

For my sake riches he shall hate,

And loathe all grandeur, pomp, and state.

For my sake dare to be despised,

Nor understood, nor duly prized;

Believ'd uncouth, and stern, and rude,

A moody man of solitude.

But he shall find a world in me,

True wealth, true fame, true dignity;

Not, as for triflers with my power,
The light amusement of an hour,
Now woo'd, now slighted, only sought
To fill some blank of idle thought;
But with his being I will blend,
And be companion, mistress, friend.
Ah, thou art waking at my voice !
Ev'n now it bids thy heart rejoice,
And more devoted heart, than thine,
Ne'er have I consecrated mine.
Now I touch thy lips with fire,
O'er thy cradle hang my lyre,
And draw my witching wand around thee,
Now the potent spell hath bound thee.

Destiny.

The song is ceas'd. Hast thou no other friend,
Unhappy infant, who shall cheer thy gloom ?
One little space my fiat I suspend,
Ere yet I ratify thy final doom.

And, hark, what heav'nly music meets mine ear,
What bright'ning glory bursts upon my gaze ?
I see, I see, a radiant form appear,
Leading a Seraph, rob'd in milder rays.

Lo, all the darker Passions shrink away,
While Hope, escaping from th' unkindred crew,
Looks up, and, smiling, points to realms of day,
And her pale cheek resumes its orient hue.

Joy waves in air his liberated wings,
Love mourns in silent loneliness no more,
And Poetry re-tunes her slacken'd strings,
To sweeter strains than e'er she breath'd before.

I know thee by thy majesty serene,
Religion, brightest of the heav'nly throng;
I know thee, Peace, by thy sweet dove-like mien,
Daughter of her, who leads thy steps along.

Religion.

Ye tyrant Passions, who convulse the soul,
And all its jarring chords so rudely tear,
Ye, for awhile, his bosom may control,
But I at length shall reign triumphant there.

Poor babe, who, thro' thy youth's tumultuous years,
Shalt, by thy ruthless foes, be thus opprest,
Come unto me, and I will dry thy tears,
Come unto me, and I will give thee rest!

Oh, how can Fear thy anxious bosom thrill,
When all thy wishes point beyond the tomb?
Oh, how can disappointment blight or chill,
When Hope is fix'd where change can never come?

How can Affection, blighted or betray'd,
Or Friendship's broken vow have power to move,
When each wild impulse of thy soul allay'd
Shall yield to purer, to supreamer love?

Can sullen Grief her empire then renew,
When Heav'n's glad tidings meet thy ravish'd ear,
When Heav'n's bright scenes are bursting on thy view,
Say, can'st thou sink a victim to Despair?

From that last enemy 'tis I who give,
As from thy every foe, a blest release;
Then from my hand thy destin'd bride receive,
Whom Death shall wed to thee for ever—Peace!

Chorus of Hope, Joy, &c.

'Tis done, 'tis done! The web is spun,
Stamp'd with our blessings, pure and bright;
And all its texture, deep and dun,
Is turn'd to Heav'n's serenest light.

Triumph, triumph! Now fulfill'd
 The oracle the Fates had given!
 Peace to his anxious suit shall yield,
 For he has sought her gifts from Heaven.

ODE TO MEMORY.

O THOU, pale portress of the cell,
Where our lost joys and sorrows dwell ;
Who know'st to raise, with hand sublime,
The dim veil wove by weary Time,
And, gathering back the dusky folds,
Point, with the wand thy right hand holds,
Each form and scene, distinctly traced
In the clear mirror of the past ;
O may my due steps oft be found,
Fond Memory, on thy hallow'd ground !
For, tho', a handmaid at thy side,
Pain no less than Pleasure glide,
Yet from her sister's radiant face
She draws such gleams of kindred grace,
That oft th' insidious form we hold,
Unknowing which our arms infold.

But thee, what glowing words can paint ?
Drooping now, like dying saint,

Thou kneel'st in some retiring cave,
Where cypress-boughs religious wave,
With eyes, that seek the heav'nly spheres,
Drown'd in sad repentant tears.

Now, the dark-grain'd stole withdrawn,
Thy gentle smiles begin to dawn,
That, chasten'd by a lingering sadness,
Never rise to boisterous gladness.

Now, lost in silent musing fit,
At Music's side thou lov'st to sit,
On her dear voice for long hours dwelling,
Thy inmost soul responsive swelling.

How light soe'er the measures flow,
To thee they still are food for woe,
But woe how far more sweet and holy
Than all the mad delights of folly!

And, when the last faint sound is flying,
Thou listenest to the echoes dying.

Or, tracing back life's lengthening vale,
Thou bendest, pensive, to inhale
The fragrance of some lingering flower,
That bloom'd in fresh youth's breathing bower.

O long-rever'd, with no unmeaning praise
Did early Greece thy name celestial chuse,

When, in the ardor of her deathless lays,
She hail'd thee parent of each tuneful Muse!*

Soul of each passion, life of every thought,
Fount of rich Science, root of Wisdom's tree,
Without thee Heav'n's divinest gifts were nought,
Ev'n Hope were dead, if uninspir'd by thee.

She does but plant anew thy fairest flowers,
And 'tend their blossoms in her own domain;
She can no more than snatch thy sunniest hours,
And bid them glow beneath her brighter reign.

Heav'n's self is but a copy of thy skill,
From that bright picture, whose unfading hue
No mortal artist did to man reveal;
'Tis Faith embodies, but thy pencil drew.

On all the powers of mind thy radiance streams,
Like planets only by reflection bright,
Wit does but hold his prism to thy beams,
And flash abroad the many-colour'd light.

Thine too the charms, which Fancy's art reveals,
Her sportive hand may vary and combine,

* Mnemosyne was fabled to be the mother of the Muses.

But from thy pallet every tint she steals,
And draws each gem from thy exhaustless mine.

Pledge of th' immortal mind, o'er thee alone
In vain does Sleep his opiate wings expand,
And all the airy forms, believ'd his own,
Troop at the summons of thy beck'ning hand.

Ev'n wildest madness cannot all efface
The objects on thy mirror once imprest,
As ruffled waters yet retain the trace
Of forms, which late adorn'd their tranquil breast.

Say, in what cells innumerable stor'd
Thy endless treasures dost thou hoard?
And, while new objects every sense
Doth hourly to thy trust dispense,
Say, by what neat arranging art,
Preserve them each from each apart?
All that has slept for years unseen,
Unthought of, as it ne'er had been,
How can'st thou, with a touch, restore
To life and lustre as before?

O thou, most felt, least understood
Of all the shadowy tribes of mind,

Who has thy springs mysterious view'd,
Or who thy hidden paths defin'd?

Sweet echo of the soul, how oft,
Repeated from thine airy shell,
On Fancy's ear, distinctly soft,
Some melody, we lov'd, will swell.

How oft, as sleep is stealing near,
Oblivious, o'er the sinking frame,
Some well-known voice we start to hear
Reiterate our absent name.

How often, while the present gives
No kindred touch the thought to wake,
Some long-past scene before us lives,
And buried joys their slumber break!

At rarer times, a sudden gleam
The startled bosom glances o'er,
The dim perception of a dream,—
“ Oh, has all this been so before?”

'Tis felt, 'tis gone; we seek to trace,
Or call the feeling back in vain,
As well the lightning might we chace,
Or bid Time's fleet foot turn again.

Is it, that in some other sphere
The soul life's pageant has rehears'd,
Existing, ere embodied here,
Nor all embued in Lethe first?

Or, roving at the hour of sleep,
Prophetic glimpses hath it known,
Long buried in oblivion deep,
Remember'd, when fulfill'd alone?

How oft, his task conn'd o'er in vain,
The school-boy sleeps, oppress'd with care;
But thou art busy in his brain,
He wakes, and, lo, 'tis written there!

Yet rarely what we mus'd on last
In sleep thy changeful powers pursue,
But, plunging deeply in the past,
Bring all its time-whelm'd wrecks to view.

Provision kind of bounteous Heaven,
When woes distract, or cares molest,
Else were the soul to madness driven,
For ever with one theme possess.

And sometimes o'er some deathful scene
Has horror cast so deep a hue,

That never more thy ray serene
 Could pierce the veil of darkness through.*

Dead to thy recent stamp, full oft
 Thy early records age retains,
As wax, impressible when soft,
 When harden'd, no new image gains.

Enchantress, oft, when Midnight pale
Weaves round the world her deep'ning veil,
When low winds stir among the trees,
Like the far dash of breaking seas,
And hushing rains descend around,
With soft monotony of sound,
Oft let thy gentle voice renew'd
Steal on my thoughtful solitude :
Oft, when rude blasts the year deform,
Fill the deep pauses of the storm.
Or, when the moon her watch shall keep,
And calmly smile on nature's sleep,
O soothe me with thy whisper'd talk,
Companion of my lonely walk ;

* It is a fact, that a woman who had been condemned to death, and was pardoned at the moment when she was about to suffer, forgot every circumstance subsequent to her trial.

Diffusing, mournful yet resign'd,
Thy softer moonlight o'er the mind.
But never meet my blasted view,
As shuddering Guilt thy picture drew,
With gesture fierce, and madd'ning cry,
Tossing thy baleful torch on high,*
By whose red glaring light reveal'd,
Scowl'd many a crime, in vain conceal'd;
While, with lean finger, dull Despair,
Dark-musing in his sullen lair,
Sate pointing to the silent dead,
And ever mutter'd, "Hope is fled!"
And wilder Anguish pour'd her soul
In lengthen'd sobs without controul,
Clasping her knees, where leans her head,
Its long loose tresses forward spread.
Ah, no! if e'er thy pains I feel,
But probe my heart, its wounds to heal.
Teach me, with careful truth, to glean
The moral of each vanish'd scene.
If billows threat my bark to whelm,
Let cautious Prudence from the helm
Still on thy chart employ her sight,
To guide its dang'rous course aright.

* See some affecting lines in a note to the Pleasures of Memory.

Ethereal spark, that scorn'st controul,
Fix'd essence of th' immortal soul,
Secure each earthly force to brave,
Oh, what art thou beyond the grave?
As here thy powers no end can find,
No period to their growth assign'd,
Say, shall they not expanded be
When enter'd on Eternity?
At one wide sweep o'er all the past
Thy airy vision swift be cast,
And, while thy energies advance,
Review thy knowledge at a glance?
Wilt thou not, endless friend, or foe,
Fulfil our bliss, or seal our woe?
Oh, when the pangs of death prevail,
And give to dust thy dwelling frail,
Dark on my view no terrors bring,
No keen remorse, to point his sting!
Lead humble Faith, and Hope serene,
That on her sister loves to lean;
And, oh, this passing pageant o'er,
When time and change shall be no more,
Whate'er thy deathless office be,
Beam an eternal smile on me!

ODE
ON
THE FIRST OF DECEMBER.

Written at the age of fifteen, and intended as a Companion to Warton's Ode on the first of April.

WITH hurried step and alter'd mien,
Autumn deserts the sylvan scene ;
While from the caverns of the North
Surly Winter blustering forth,
With his devastating train,
Usurps the barren fields again.
See, as he comes, his icy breath
Congeals the world to transient death ;
And each remaining charm, that shone
To deck the drooping year, is flown.
The buds, that Spring's soft early hue
Had tinctur'd in the trembling dew ;

That balmy Summer's fragrant sigh
Had breath'd a deeper, lovelier die ;
Matur'd in Autumn's mellow ray,
His ruthless hand has snatch'd away,
And o'er the ravag'd landscape pours,
Imperiously, its own dark stores.

Scarce a trace of verdure past
Streaks the wide forest, or the waste :
Save where a ring of brighter sod
Betrays the round the fairies trod ;
Save where the ivy-spray has wound
Some antique oak's tall trunk around ;
Or darkly, thro' the clouded skies,
Groups of unfading foliage rise :
Alas, whose sad, sepulchral green
Cheers not the desolated scene !
Where late the reapers' busy train
Pil'd the rich heaps of golden grain,
The scanty stubble all around
Roughens o'er the plunder'd ground,
Or the ploughman's sturdy toil
Bares the chill'd bosom of the soil.

Wither'd are the few wild flowers,
That stream'd amid yon time-worn towers,
And serv'd in livelier hues to dress
Their dark and native ruggedness.

Now, save the long, lank roots, that swing
From the rude fissure, where they cling,
Now on the bleak waste frown alone
The massive walls of cold grey stone ;
Where oft the midnight robbers prowl,
And start to hear the shrieking owl.

Mute is every tuneful strain,
That warbled from the woodland train.
No more, on dewy pinions borne,
The lark gives morrow to the morn ;
No more, its fitful shadow seen,
Skimming the sunshine of the green,
The vanish'd swallow, twittering, leaves
Its nest of clay beneath the eaves.
No more resound from bush to bush
The gay notes of the sprightly thrush.
In other climes, the nightingale
Tells to the moon his tender tale :
Of all the tribes, whose music sweet
Lov'd answering Echo to repeat,
The robin only to the dell
Yet falters forth his weak farewell.

Lingers the long and dreary night ;
Scarce the dim and dubious light
Peeps thro' the severing mists, that chill,
Coldly blue, yon eastern hill.

Yet the wan moon, amid the west,
On twilight's bosom loves to rest;
Yet from each tree her pale beams throw
A branching shadow o'er the snow:
Yet, here and there, a feeble star
Gleams, scarcely glimmering, from afar;
Or, struggling thro' the vapours damp,
Twinkles the cotter's early lamp.

Cheerless is the gloomy day;
Scarce a single, sickly, ray
Can pierce aslant the watery clouds,
Where the sad sun his radiance shrouds.
Slow, as their heavy volume moves,
O'er the hill-side the dim light roves;
With a pale gleam of radiance falls
On the white villa's distant walls;
And, glancing on the far cascade,
Where, as it moans along the glade,
The transitory gale no more
Can catch the sullen, deep'ning roar,
Back reflects upon the sight
Prismatic hues of frozen light.

On the river's margin troop
The thirsty herds in gather'd group;
And eye, with drooping aspect, there
The wave, they see, but cannot share.

Hark ; the rude hind, with sturdy blow,
Gives the imprison'd streams to flow !
Loud rings round, from rock to rock,
In long repeat, the crackling shock ;
O'er the wide forest echoes still,
And dies to silence on the hill.

Thro' the ice-encrusted trees
Rattles the hoarse and hollow breeze.
The plover's and the curlew's scream
Scare Meditation's idle dream ;
And, mingling with their shrilly yell,
Prophetic sounds the storm foretell.
Seen afar, the stooping sail
Scuds along before the gale :
Now loud—now low—advance—retreat
The big waves, with alternate beat.

Against the cottage window-pane
Drives the sharp sleet, and pattering rain ;
They within, around the blaze,
Tell the lov'd tales of other days ;
Hear the wild storm around them roar,
And feel their every comfort more ;
While, as they think on those, who roam
O'er the bleak waste without a home,
Pity of a tear beguiles,
To mingle with their joyous smiles.

Tho' thy rude hand rend merciless
Nature's every golden tress,
Bidding her last, pale bloom depart ;
Stern and boisterous as thou art,
Thou canst give, December drear,
Many an hour of social cheer ;
Or raise the visionary mind
To thoughts, and raptures more refin'd.

In midnight solitude, 'tis sweet
To hear the heavy rain-drops beat ;
The water-pipe's continual flow,
The splashing of the pool below ;
And the low gales, that feebly float,
Like distant owlet's hollow note.
Sooth'd by the blended sounds, the soul
Confesses Fancy's fond controul :
The forms of other days fleet by,
Or visions of futurity.

Ev'n now, while o'er the whitening waste
Thy falling snows their fleeces cast ;
And leafless grove, and mountain dim,
Confus'd in dubious darkness swim ;
(While the far-contrasted main
Blackens beneath thy surly reign)

Sequester'd in my lonely tower
Thee with sad joy I greet, wild Pow'r!
And for thy melancholy brow
Twine the sable cypress-bough.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

'Twas midnight; the wan moon-beam threw
O'er passing clouds a sickly hue,
 Prophetic of the storm;
Low murmurs sigh'd from wind and wave,
When, on the Bard's untimely grave,
With grief, and mingled awe, I flung my prostrate form.

Well with the temper of my mind
The wild and mournful scene combin'd,
 The melancholy sound;
Awhile in silence lost I lay,
Till, with the lightning's glaring ray,
The feelings of my heart unbidden utt'rance found.

Swift as yon vivid flash, that flies
Across the bleak, tempestuous skies,
 Once seen, beheld no more;

O'er the dark world young Genius driv'n
Gives one bright glimpse of opening heav'n,
Then leaves it wrapt in shades more cheerless than
before.

Ev'n thus its short duration knows
No interval of sweet repose,
Snatch'd onward thro' the gloom,
And kept, by fate's rude hand, apart
From ev'ry kind congenial heart,
It lives unblest, and sinks neglected to the tomb.

Alas ! that such a lot was thine,
Thou, whose cold dust, beneath this shrine,
Returns to kindred earth ;
In vain, aspiring Fancy spread
Her eagle-pinions o'er thy head,
Or smil'd the heav'nly muse propitious on thy birth.

For, dark'ning all the dreary scene,
Fate interpos'd her frowns between,
And check'd bold Fancy's flight ;
While round the laurel of the muse
Pale Sorrow shed her sickly dews,
And breath'd o'er ev'ry bud her chill, untimely blight.

And when Compassion's gen'rous hand
To brighter skies, and gales more bland,
 Their drooping beauties bore ;
When, op'ning on a milder day,
They dar'd their vernal tints display,
Death laid them in the dust—alas, to rise no more !

Disease, how blunted is thy sting,
When hands we love assiduous bring
 The cup of healing power ;
When, as unquiet slumber flies,
We turn our languid asking eyes
On some dear face, which smiles on sorrow's darkest hour.

But no lov'd hand thy pillow smooth'd,
No softer care attentive sooth'd
 Thy last sad hours below ;
Dew'd by no warm spontaneous tear
Hir'd mourners o'er thy friendless bier
Pour'd the fictitious plaint of mercenary woe.

'Tis ever thus ; Fate's sordid smile
Beams on the heartless and the vile,
 While Merit weeps unknown ;
For them, officious Plenty pours
The full luxuriance of her stores ;
They live, while Virtue dies unpitied and alone.

I spoke ; when from the face of Heav'n
Away the shatter'd clouds were driv'n,
 Away the tempest swept :
The lurid lightnings ceas'd to play,
Died the last thunder-peal away,
And o'er heav'n, earth, and air, a sudden stillness crept.

Upward I gaz'd, when lo a cloud
More clear, more thin, than dewy shroud
 By fairy fingers wove,
Irradiate, drew my vision'd eye ;
Lo, it descends, it hovers nigh,
And, self-suspended, hangs in floating folds above !

Those folds, in wavy softness, twine
Around a radiant form divine,
 A countenance of light ;
As, thro' the silvery mists, which still
Float ling'ring on the eastern hill,
Descends the beam of morn embodied on the sight.

With gentle awe, unmixt with fear,
I gaz'd, when on my list'ning ear
 Such sounds melodious stole,
As when the wind o'er hush'd cascade
Bears notes Æolian down the glade,
And blends them both at once, resistless, on the soul.

“ As yon dark clouds disorder'd fly,
As yon celestial moon on high
 Returning radiance beams ;
So calmly pure, so softly bright,
Shines forth Religion's heav'n-born light,
And chases from the mind Delusion's blinding dreams.

“ Without it, what were Man ? a world
To everlasting chaos hurl'd,
 A night without a star :
O let her holy sway control
The wild impatience of thy soul,
Dispel the shades of doubt, and calm the mental war !

“ O weep for those, who, fetter'd still
Beneath the load of mortal ill,
 Thro' life's long trial groan ;
Weep, weep for those, whose guilt has seal'd
The doom eternal, unrepeal'd,
But never weep for those, whom heav'n has made its own !

“ Yes, I am he, thy fancy mourn'd,
Now with unfading wreaths adorn'd
 To him, who conquers, giv'n ;
If Vice reign lord awhile on earth,
And triumph o'er insulted worth,
Behold how Justice rules, and makes the balance even !”

Slow as the form divine withdrew,

One moment on my vision'd view

Unearthly glories fell.

But, oh, could words their raptures speak,

The powers of mem'ry were too weak

Again to call around the soul-entrancing spell!

THE WEAVER'S BOY.

A Tale.

WHO once so blythe as William Field was known,
And now so blest, since Mary is his own ?
Who so industrious, in his small neat room,
To ply the busy labours of the loom ?
Then what pure joy, when evening's welcome close
Dropt the soft curtain of serene repose,
The cheerful blaze, the social board to greet,
By toil's harsh contrast render'd doubly sweet ;
While each domestic pleasure, simply small,
Was still enhanc'd by having earn'd it all.
But, ah ! not his, what only can ensure
Substantial bliss, and make our joys endure !
That fix'd, that steady, principle within,
The guide to virtue, and the guard from sin.

Daily to kneel, at church aloud to pray,
While his loose thoughts were wand'ring far away,
Was his religion. Marvel not he fell,
But rather how he stood so long, so well;
Virtuous, because temptation ne'er assail'd,
But soon it came, more soon, alas, prevail'd!
One eve, when toil was o'er, his silent hearth
Miss'd the gay prattle of accustom'd mirth:
The ale-house had receiv'd its luckless guest:
"What could he do? a friend so warmly prest."
Thou fatal vestibule to Vice's fane,
Who ever sought thee once, nor went again?
Or who from Virtue's path has *ever* past,
Who found the first step could be made the last?
Next time, he went to drink his Mary's health,
Then meet a neighbour, and at last by stealth.
Alas, when aught we fear should be reveal'd,
Still find we more, that we would wish conceal'd;
'Till Sin, grown bold, no longer shrinks away,
But bares her forehead to the open day!
Why should the Muse, with vain endeavour, dwell
On what all eloquence were vain to tell;
How trembling love the first slight wound receives,
Suspects, doubts, hesitates, at last believes?
For him, no more unsullied love had charms,
He left the wife's, and sought the wanton's, arms.

To deck her person miserably gay,
He squander'd all the earnings of the day :
See, o'er the bowl in noisy mirth they sit,
With laugh and song, and wild indecent wit :
Then turn to yonder dwelling, pierce the gloom
Of yon dark, silent, melancholy, room,
Where, all alone, the more than widow'd wife
Ponders her sad vicissitude of life,
And, ever and anon advancing nigher,
Hangs o'er the remnants of her wretched fire ;
'Tis but mechanical : the mind will steel
The frame against the worst, that it can feel.
She thinks not of the cold ; it can impart
No pang to her, whose chill is of the heart.

Yet she complain'd not ; 'twas her eye alone,
Her alter'd cheek, her voice's falt'ring tone,
Which told she knew the miserable lot
He car'd but little, if she knew or not.
She soon will be a mother ; all her hope
Hangs on that hour, and bids with sorrow cope :
“ How oft, in happier days, he has exprest
This one fond wish, the cherish'd of his breast,
His Mary's image in her babe to see ;
He will not, cannot, coldly turn from me ! ” —
The hour is come. “ My William, O what joy,
Our infant lives, and is a lovely boy !

But, oh, my last—last shilling, it is gone,
And I am left unnourish'd and alone!"—
"I'm glad the brat's a boy, at any rate,
For, if he lives, he'll do the work I hate;
And, as for money, why this sixpence take."
'Twas one, that she had giv'n him for her sake!
She hears no more, for she has heard the knell,
Which sounds to all her ling'ring hopes farewell,
And, with one mute, unutterable glance,
She sinks into oblivion's death-like trance,
While he just asks some neighbouring dame to come,
And tend his wife; then careless quits the room.
Oh, how couldst thou that agony survive?
'Twas nature whisper'd, "for thine infant live."
And thou didst live. This weary world below
Were no sad scene of trial, scarce of woe,
If, with the first keen, penetrating stroke,
God's chast'ning hand inflicts, the full heart broke;
Therefore, made stronger than ourselves believe,
We live, grief's perfect measure to receive,
While death's kind slumber seems to fly from woes,
And latest lull the wretched to repose.
Yet ev'n thine anguish, yielding for a while,
Fled from before thy child's endearing smile;
Thy inmost heart the potent charm confest,
And all the mother woke within thy breast.

What woe can conquer, or what force controul,
That more than love, that instinct of the soul?
Not all the warmest of affection's zeal,
Brother for brother, friend for friend, can feel,
Or for his bride, the new-made bridegroom prove,
Can match that holy, that surpassing love.
Then, as he grew, his first faint words to hear,
O best of music to a mother's ear!
'Till he at last to thy lov'd knee would creep,
And, looking in thy face, say, "Mother, wherefore weep?
That question rais'd a fuller gush of tears,
But they relieve, and then the smile appears.
Oft with maternal pride she view'd the child,
His face so fair, his large blue eye so mild;
And such his temper; one, whom nature forms,
Unfit to struggle with life's ruder storms.
O born in sorrow, sorrow soon to know,
Nurs'd in the lap of grief, and rear'd with woe,
What wonder if thy meek and timid soul
From all around, a kindred nature stole?
Oft, as he past a childish groupe at play,
He seem'd to ask, "Why am I not as they?"
Not so defin'd the feeling, nor exprest,
Yet such the mute sensation of his breast.

The father, where was he? his sullen meal,
Where all in silence seem'd restraint to feel,

Was seldom snatch'd at home ; he rarely slept
With her, who could not sleep, but woke and wept.
Instinctively the boy his father fear'd,
And, scarcely knowing why, shrunk back if he ap-
peared :

While filial love, concentrated in one,
Was doubly strong ; he only seem'd *her* son.

Years roll'd away, to all or swift or slow,
As pleasure wing'd them or retarded woe.
Seven now are number'd since young Edmund's birth,
To him all happy in his quiet mirth ;
But the day came, when grief first mark'd his doom,
Condemn'd to labour at the daily loom,
While Mary, though the hours had slowly past,
Still ask'd, half doubting, "Is it come at last ?"
Task'd by his tyrant father, and at length,
Like a worst slave, beyond his slender strength,
Beaten on each pretence, howe'er untrue,
And for not doing what he could not do,
Th' unhappy boy began to droop and fade,
His spirits broken, and his health decay'd.
But then the mother, who had still repress
Her own deep sorrows in her silent breast,
Rous'd for her child, with indignation rose,
And dar'd complain ; and what the answer ?—blows !

Poor Edmund rush'd in agony between,
With feeble efforts her, he lov'd, to screen.

“Strike me, but not my mother!” With an oath,
The base, unmanly, tyrant struck them both.

Oft was the scene repeated, and three years
Past slowly onward between threats and tears.

Then to her breast the savage blow was driven;
It was the kindest he had ever given!

It left the cureless malady behind;

Cure of the worse, inflicted on her mind,
She never told, she sought no skill to save,
But sank, contented, gently to the grave.

“O home of peace, O resting place from care!

O bliss! the wicked cease from troubling there!”

Then, while her heart-struck Edmund wept beside,
She bless'd him, kiss'd his pallid cheek, and died.

See to the grave the small procession come;
The child, the father, follow to the tomb.

O mockery! the mourning garb he wears,
And hides his face, to hide his want of tears;

While the poor orphan'd boy beside him stands,
Sobs, as his heart would break, and wrings his hands.

With him the sables but too truly shew
(Yet, oh, how faintly!) the internal woe.

Well may'st thou grieve, thy only friend is gone,
And thou in loneliness must suffer on;

In worse than loneliness, for that were joy
To weep, where none thy sorrows might annoy—
None hast thou now, whose tender words may cheer,
Whose hand wipe off the still-returning tear;
On whose kind breast to hang for sweet relief,
While grief imparted seem'd no longer grief.
But thou must see a proud, vain, wanton led
Where once thy mother prest the marriage bed,
And, at the table, shuddering view the chair,
For her mild looks no longer meet thee there.
The female fiend, who had usurp'd her place,
Hated the living portrait of her face,
Snatch'd all, the father left, of inward bliss,
And join'd her curses and her blows to his.
If e'er, for sometimes ev'n the worst will melt,
One struggle of parental love he felt,
She knew to stifle, with infernal art,
The better purpose of his soft'ning heart.

Poor child! when both beneath the night went forth
To join the revels of intemperate mirth,
He sought his mother's grave, those tears to shed,
Which he must hide by day with cautious dread.
There, as from long restraint they faster flow,
He sobb'd th' impassion'd, broken, words of woe.
“ O Mother—wilt thou—dearest Mother—hear?
Wilt thou not answer, Mother?—and so near!”

Then, pale and spiritless, at morn would rise,
And bear new chiding for his redden'd eyes.

Thou, whom he weeps, more warmly should'st have
striven

To draw an antidote to woe from heaven ;
That only balm, which could relief impart,
The silent, deep, religion of the heart :
Thyself didst feel its sweet, consoling power ;
O why not leave thy child that heav'nly dower ?
Yet thou didst teach his infant knee to kneel,
His tongue to pray, but not his heart to feel ;
Nor where to cast, when sorrow's waves should roll,
The sure and steadfast anchor of the soul.
O hadst thou pointed to the cross, and there
Taught him to fix his hopes, and rest his every care !
'Tis ever thus ; all wish their offspring blest,
For this they early rise, and late take rest ;
But, oh, how few th' immortal spirit feed
With what will profit in the hour of need !

And now, while, spent in drinking, day by day
The father's means verge swifter to decay,
(For vice grows more importunate each hour,
The more you give, the more she will devour)
Still more tyrannical the tyrant grows,
More loud his curses, more severe his blows,

While his poor victim feels 'tis hard to know
When sorrow here has reach'd its worst of woe ;
His slumbers shorten'd, exercise debarr'd,
His meals more scanty, and his tasks more hard ;
Ev'n the bless'd day, which brings its sweet repose
To all that breathe, for him no Sabbath rose.
To some back chamber was the loom transferr'd,
Where he might labour still, the sound unheard.
But now the worst is come, thro' gradual care
His soul sinks deep, then settles in despair !
No more he weeps, he scarcely seems to sigh,
But bears his lot with languid apathy :
His sunken eye, more dim, more hollow grew,
His pale cheek deepen'd to a livid hue,
All food seem'd poison which he loath'd to touch,
And ev'n that stinted meal for him became too much.

Look on him, wretch ! 'tis thou hast written there
Unnatural sorrow, and untimely care !
Once was that cheek with health's best colours bright,
And that eye sparkled with untroubled light :
'Tis thou hast bid all these for ever flee—
And who art thou ?—his father !—can it be ?
Roam to the farthest realms, where endless snow
Forbids the human spark of life to glow,
Affection's noble instinct may be traced,
Ev'n in the shapeless tenant of the waste ;

Wound her lov'd offspring, and she will not fly,
She first defends them, then with them will die :
In death's last pang, beside them bleeding lies,
Licks their poor wounds, and, as she licks them, dies.
But thou, whom guilt than brute has render'd less,
Sunk in the depths of sordid selfishness,
On thine own child dost wreak thy wanton rage,
And nip the blossom of his tender age.
How couldst thou snatch kind Nature's precious boon,
Which Nature's self, alas, revokes too soon,
That unconcern, which happy childhood knows,
Those buoyant spirits, and that blest repose,
Which fears no future, and laments no past,
Nor asks the present, if it flies too fast—
That present, none but they their own can call,
In which their joys, their griefs, are center'd all?
O how disturb the pure, untroubled source,
Whence childhood's tears derive their gentle course,
Bid them no longer from the surface flow,
But ope the deep, the bitter, fount below?
And cause the sigh no longer to depart
Light as the breeze, but wring it from the heart?
Go, bid the tear the cheek of manhood steep,
'Tis manhood's lot to suffer, and to weep;
Hurl to his bosom sorrow's keenest dart,
But spare, O spare, sweet childhood's careless heart!

Upon that Eden, ere th' appointed hour,
O, let not in the spoilers to devour,
Lest, sinning thus against the laws of heaven,
Like Satan's self, thou should'st not be forgiven !
Look back, compare thyself with what thou wert :
Art thou the same ? so changed in deed and heart :
Yes, for thy heart no change has undergone,
God could have wrought that miracle alone ;
And, as thy pride correction ne'er endur'd,
Thy nature's evil now is but matur'd.
The seeds were there, the germ, the baleful root ;
Behold the tree, the blossom, and the fruit !

The thirteenth year had now scarce past away,
Since Edmund's eyes first open'd on the day,
One autumn's eve, his father, ere he went
To the low haunt, where half his hours were spent,
Exacted from his labour doubly more,
Than even *he* had e'er requir'd before.

“ I must have money—see the work be done,
And let me find it with to-morrow's sun,
Or I will beat thee, aye, 'till out of breath,
And leave thee fainting at the doors of death.”
The words, convey'd thro' sorrow's medium dense,
Bore their harsh import slowly to his sense.
A blow arous'd him. “ Ideot, dost thou hear ?
Must I *twice* bawl my orders in thine ear ?”

Then, pointing to the loom, "There, sit thee down,"
He cried, and left his victim with a frown,
Who stood awhile with lost bewilder'd air,
Then heartless, reckless, sank upon his chair :
With mind half gone, scarce knowing what he did,
He but prepar'd to do as he was bid.
And, the hard task tho' hopeless to fulfil,
His fingers move mechanically still.
But now he starts convulsively, and seems
Like one awak'ning from perturbed dreams.
A strange wild light came glancing o'er his eye,
And his cheek flush'd a moment, "I will die!"
Oh, was there none to bid thee timely flee,
Poor child of woe, to Him who died for thee?

At morn the father sought the working-room,
It was deserted ; in the silent loom
The web but just begun, the chair o'erturn'd,
As in wild haste and perturbation spurn'd.
"What, dares he thus indulge himself in rest?"
He seeks his chamber ; lo, the bed unprest !
Then, fierce with passion, "Surely he is fled,
But I'll soon fetch him back." Can'st thou recal the dead?
He hasten'd forth, and met a gath'ring throng,
Who, in the midst, bore some dead weight along.
They stop—divide with execrating hiss,
"Thy cruelty hath driv'n thy son to this!"

Yes, it was he ! The ghastly-staring eye,
Which, open still, seem'd life's dread mockery,
The livid blackness of the cheek, unfold
The tale of horror, ere it yet is told.

'Twas at the close of the preceding day,
When gathering clouds gave speed to light's decay,
A neighbour saw the boy, with aspect wild,
Brush quickly by ; yet, as he pass'd, he smil'd.
He felt inclin'd, he said, to stop the lad,
And ask him, " Whither running ? Art thou mad ?"
" *Almost,*" he added, ('twas his usual word,
The gentle favorite of th' inactive herd,
Who idle curiosity condemn,
And heed but little what regards not them)
Almost he meant to follow, and he bent
His steps awhile the way that Edmund went.
The boy was gone, and, when he saw him not,
He thought it cold, turn'd homeward, and forgot.
He too was one not overskill'd to trace
The mind's expressive movements in the face ;
Or how, untimely victim of despair,
Gaz'd he on thine, nor saw death written there ?

There is a nook, where elms o'erbranching shield
A lonely hovel in a spacious field,
Where the wild colt in summer might retreat,
Escape the show'r, or shun the sultry heat.

Thither a peasant, at the dawn of day,
Bore in his arms a fresh supply of hay ;
Whistling in careless mirth, approach'd the rack,
Uprais'd his eyes, and trembling started back :
He saw th' unhappy boy's suspended weight,
And cut in haste the cord—It was too late !
The spirit was for ever fled. Ah, where ?
Nay, fond, rash man, be reverent, and forbear !
The eyes of the Omniscient may see
A door of mercy, unespied by thee.

What felt the father ? 'Twas regretted pelf,
The hate of labor, " I must work myself,"
And some slight shame of man suffus'd his cheek,
And made him falter, as he strove to speak :
" Yes, I have been too harsh." In under tone,
" Had I been less, he might have still work'd on."
Not always, Conscience, does thy hand direct
Its sleeping bolts, when man would most expect.
Unmov'd the murderer eyes the blood-stain'd knife,
Which slew the father, or remov'd the wife.
God gives the word, and, lo, thy terrors wake,
Nor know again the slumber, which they break,
To shew that thou from Him alone art sent,
With Him alone dwells guilt's dread chastisement.
Ah, then thy goads the soul to madness urge,
Thy hand unpitying plies the noiseless scourge ;

While, at thy side, eternal Memory still
Mocks each vain effort of the baffled will,
Haunts every waking hour with new distress,
Ev'n from short slumber steals forgetfulness,
And, still untir'd by time or change, where'er
Turns the sick soul, presents her mirror there.

Thus to the guilty man too surely came
Th' appointed hour, which wrapt his heart in flame.
Deep ineradicable habits lurk
Within his breast; he will not, cannot work.
The nearer ruin, still the less he thinks,
Sells all he has, spends all he can, and drinks.
Now, since the fatal day, a year had past;
One solitary shilling—'twas his last.
“ Well, I will spend it merrily at least;
What griefs by grieving ever were decreas'd?
To-morrow, with no better chance for pelf,
A pistol charg'd for others—or myself.”
Then, hemming off th' involuntary sigh,
He sought the scene of vulgar revelry,
And, with his old companions, madly quaff'd
The tempting poison, and as madly laugh'd.
The market-clock night's deepest hour had told,
A storm had risen, and the thunder roll'd.
Yet, still unaw'd, carous'd the harden'd crew;
“ If heav'n is noisy, we'll be noisy too.

Let not our mirth the harmless thunder chase,
But rather to our chorus growl the base."
Loud grew the song, when thro' the lurid air
Ten thousand lightnings seem'd at once to glare.
In horrid pomp the meteor pass'd on high,
And drew a train of radiance thro' the sky ;
Where glimmering candles shed their feeble rays,
Pour'd o'er the room its full o'erpowering blaze,
Then burst in tumult, dangerously near,
And shook the house, and shook each heart with fear.
The dreadful portent sober'd ev'n the drunk,
The sounds of riot lessen'd, waver'd, sunk.
Each on the other gaz'd, and paler grew,
To see each face o'erspread with sulph'rous blue.
When William Field, as starting from a dream,
Broke the dread silence with a piercing scream ;
Fix'd were his eyes, his frame disorder'd shook,
" There, there they stand ! (he cried) Look yonder, look !"
" Who ? Who ?" They all exclaim'd in accents wild :
" What, see you not ?—My murder'd wife and child !
" Fiends drag me down ! O torture me no more !"
He fell, he writh'd convulsive on the floor,
And kind Oblivion from his troubled soul
Awhile the sense of guilt and anguish stole.
Life to his frame return'd, but ne'er again,
Life of the soul, did Reason nerve his brain :

Yet Mem'ry wak'd too well, and all within
Was but one thought of dark unpardon'd sin.
Touch'd by the hand of God, a blasted trunk
By lightning scath'd, in slow decay he sunk.
A maniac's cell the parish alms provide,
And he who liv'd in guilt, in guilt's worst torture died.

Such was the tale, which charm'd my list'ning youth,
Indebted less to Fancy than to Truth.

A grey-hair'd peasant gave it to mine ear,
With many a pause of wonder and of fear,
As he, with faltering steps, my way would guide
To that lone scene of early suicide,
Where yet remains, tho' now for ever shut
In superstitious dread, th' ill-omen'd hut.
That fatal spot the simple rustics shun,
Nor dare to pass it after set of sun.
Gazing by day, will shake their heads and sigh,
And breathe a guardian prayer in wand'ring by.
For there, 'tis said, unearthly voices talk,
And ghostly forms beneath the moonbeam walk.
Oft too I sought the village yew-tree's shade,
Where, by his mother's side, was Edmund laid;
(To the sad deed, 'twas said, by madness driven,
To him a consecrated grave was given;)
And, musing there at evening's pensive time,
I wove his hapless story into rhyme.

Oh, had thy genius seiz'd the mournful tale,
Crabbe, whom the Passions' genuine Bard I hail,
Nor marvel thou should'st choose the lowly sphere,
In which their native energies appear,
How had'st thou charm'd the world, and rescued me
From the faint copy I inscribe to thee!

ODE

ON

THE DIVERSITY OF POETIC CHARACTER.

BLEST source of poetry and light,
Bright to the soul, to nature bright,
Apollo ! as at morn, or eve,
Thy beams a different tincture give
To every cloud, that on thy state
With duteous homage loves to wait ;
O'er these a chasten'd warmth diffuse ;
O'er those, unnumber'd rain-bow hues ;
Here thro' a dusky mass dispense
Obscurely-grand magnificence ;
There, breaks of scatter'd light alone ;
While few, the nearest to thy throne,
Drink the full splendor of thy rays,
Dissolving in the potent blaze :
Thus, in each mind thou deign'st to fire,
Thy gifts a different zeal inspire.

Pierc'd by the pleasing dart, like stricken deer,
The gentle youth seeks nature's wildest scenes,

Oft, pausing, sighs, and drops th' unconscious tear,
Unknowing what thy soft confusion means ;

'Till, feeling ever, as he pours the lay,
How, thro' his breast, new floods of rapture roll,
How all its restless cares are charm'd away,
To thee he dedicates his heart and soul.

Ev'n, when along his veins Love ardent burns,
And claims each thought, triumphant, as his own,
Faithful to thee, with new delight, he turns,
And bids thee share the homage, and the throne.

But who is he, whose fingers rove
So wildly o'er the wire,
Whose eyes in restless glances move,
And flash unearthly fire ;
While the pale moon's uncertain light
Gives his sunk cheek a ghastlier white,
High on some cliff, his lofty form,
In careless grandeur, lost amid the storm ?
'Tis he, within whose troubled soul
Thy spark but wakes to life
Impetuous thoughts, that scorn controul,
The Passions' deadly strife,
Ev'n as the same electric gleam,
Which innocently plays,

On summer eve, in lambent stream,
Can rouse the tempest's fatal blaze.
But, oh, what storm shall Fancy find,
To image that within his mind?—
Continual war of soul, and sense,
Eternal tortures, that condense
(To rack the struggling breast, they seize)
At once their thousand energies.
Now with Nature's wonders blending,
And to heav'nly heights ascending,
Still feeling, oh, a nameless dearth
Of somewhat unattain'd on earth ;
Then downward hurl'd—alas, how far!—
Like the bright lapse of glancing star,
Which holds on high it's short career,
Quench'd in our grosser atmosphere.
'Till, maddening, he would feign deny
The deity, he cannot fly,
And, despairing to obey,
Dares, in impious pride, rebel,
And, hopeless of the purer way,
In splendid wickedness excel.
Since he may not be rever'd,
He will not be despis'd, but fear'd ;
Grand in the very depths of crime,
Fall'n, yet angelic—ruin'd, yet sublime.

How different he, by heav'n design'd
To mend the age, and teach mankind !
Whom thy chaste influence gently warms,
Nor wakes to Passion's bold alarms ;
Prompting, with unimperious sway,
The moral, energetic lay ;
To whom her arrows Satire doth afford,
Yet all in Virtue's polish'd quiver stor'd ;
With calm Persuasion at his side,
Unfaltering Reason as his guide,
While round him hovers sprightlier Wit,
For the light, playful skirmish fit ;
Shakes from his wings, of every hue,
A thousand drops of gem-like dew ;
Ever restless in his wiles,
Seldom he laughs, but often smiles,
And still a slight disdain, the while,
Seems lurking in his gayest smile.

Hark ! the air rings, woods echo, rocks rebound,
To the spirit-stirring call of the martial horn ;
Old heroes seem reviving at the sound,
From proud Thermopylæ, from Cannæ, borne :
They come ! they come ! they lift their standards high ;
On, on ! 'tis death to live, 'tis life to die !
Morven, too, sends forth her numbers,
Bursting from their age of slumbers :

They crowd around the minstrel, who disdains
Lydian measures, Attick strains,
Or languish of the Dorian flute;

 The Spartan fife's inspiring tone,
 Thracia's warlike sounds, alone,
His stern, impetuous temper suit.

 Where the battle's tide is rushing,
 Where the stream of life is gushing,
 Where the groan of death is blending
With the Victor's shout ascending;
 Borne by Fancy's eagle flight,
He revels with a fierce delight.

Oh, snatch me hence to gentler scenes,
 Where, beside his lonely fire,
Upon his arm the student leans,
 Or wakes the pensive lyre.

As the wild storm is sweeping by,
 He thinks upon the mariner,
The lost, the friendless, and his eye
 Is quiv'ring with an unshed tear.

He yields to Memory's fond controul,
 He folds his arms, he droops his head;
The past comes rushing on his soul,
 Resistless, and the tear is shed.

To him, O Muse, thy semblance, holy,
Wears the staid garb of melancholy ;
And oft, his lonely hours around,
 Thou fling'st a shade of deeper gloom ;
And lead'st him where, with moaning sound,
 The dark yew waves above the tomb :
There, all night long, with spirits' dread,
 His soul mysterious converse holds,
Recals the lost, evokes the dead,
 And reads the secrets that the grave infolds.

Strike the light tabret, gaily twine
The rose, the myrtle, and the vine !
On bliss, alone, the strain employ ;
Let every pulse respond to joy,
And pour the choicest sweets on earth,
To hail the Bard, who dwells with Mirth.
But false the transport, vain the lay,
Which only dazzles to betray.
To him no wreaths of fame belong,
No lofty attributes of song,
Who prostitutes that priceless treasure
To the venal court of Pleasure,
Racks fancy, and exhausts his soul,
To paint the raptures of the bowl,

And dares, in dark Idalia's grove,
Profane the holiest name of love.

More noble, far, the silent woe
Of him, who finds few joys below,
Who ne'er his feelings can express,
Who is not form'd for happiness ;
Nor only poet, but endued
Above the tuneful multitude,
With the poetic-temper'd frame
Respondent to the soul it shrines,
Which, with a strength, no force can tame,
Too feeling tenderness combines ;
Thro' every shrinking pore alive,
In every fibre sensitive ;
Fit medium for th' electric fire,
Which, ever-restless, will aspire,
Beyond mortality's allow'd desire.
As Ceres, frantic for her child,
Wandered o'er mountain, vale, and wild,
And snatch'd, to guide her steps by night,
From Etna's pines a torch of light,
So does he roam with hope's vain torch,
Kindled at Passion's Etna-flame,
Thro' the dark world, in ceaseless search
Of that, which mocks his eager aim—

Too-lovely offspring of the mind,
That bright ideal excellence,
Which on the inward eye hath shined,
But shuns, alas, the outward sense,
And, o'er the wilderness of earth
Flies the lorn soul, that gave it birth,
Before whose glances once display'd,
It throws all objects into shade,
As gazing on the sun will blot
With darkness every earthly spot.

But, ah, there is a deeper sadness,
And thou, to some, wild Muse, art madness ;
Beings of finest mould, o'er-wrought
In fancy, o'er-informed with thought.
For them, the veil aside is thrown,

That hides, in mercy to mankind,
From other eyes, the world unknown,
And voices, heard by them alone,

Speak in the midnight wind.
Hung between life and death, they seem
Wrapt in a strange, bewilder'd, feverish dream,
From which, with starts of painful energy,
They only half-awake to worse reality.
Alas for them ! none own them upon earth,
None with their joy, or sorrow, hold communion,

And, while they feel affection's aching dearth,
No spirit forms with theirs a bond of union.
Cut off from sympathy, they rove along,
Lonely, mysterious, never understood,
Contemn'd, or fear'd, or hated by the throng,
Who cannot pierce beyond their silent mood :
Their emblem is the wild and barren moor,
In whose dark mines unceasing labour toils,
And busy hands collect earth's hidden spoils,
Yet who, that never trod the waste before,
While all without is calm, and dead, can know
The varied life—the wealth, that lurks below ?
So does their aspect, cold perchance, or stern,
Cloak far—far more, than mortal eyes discern ;
'Till, with a deeper shroud, the faithful grave
Close o'er the secrets of their wayward heart,
Leaving alone, Oblivion's power to brave,
The sybil-records of their tuneful art,
Which, haply, may, in after years, betray
Their darkly-hinted thoughts to souls as wild as they.

And thou, whose numbers now are heard,
Singing of others' joy, or pain,
Uncertain, as the mocking-bird,
To which belongs thy native strain,
Here cease thy song. Can art pourtray
What colours o'er the opal play ?

Can words give name to every die,
That tints the dawn, or western sky ?
And hath the mind less varied hues
Beneath the influence of the Muse ?
Say, rather, she can gifts provide
As infinitely modified,
As notes, that rove thro' every key
In never-ending harmony.

Only for him, in whom all gifts combine,
Bid the lyre answer to thy last command :
'Tis he, who kindles, at Religion's shrine,
The torch, thou gavest to his master-hand.

His is the comprehensive chain, that binds,
In one harmonious whole, the fair and sweet,
And all the splendours, which thro' other minds
Shine scatteringly, in him concentrated meet.

Ev'n as from storied windows richly dight
The passing beams their varied colours win,
Yet all combin'd transmit the soften'd light
In service of the sanctuary within.

To nature's wildest scenes full oft he wends,
And at her altar bows th' adoring knee,

Yet only as the altar, whence ascends
His heart's best incense to her Deity.
Ev'n in the storm his spirit can rejoice,
For in the wind—the thunder's awful roll—
He recognizes still a father's voice,
Which rules the bolder passions of his soul.
Around him while the moral Virtues stand,
While braided dance the sister-Graces twine,
Religion marshals all the lovely band,
And bids their robes with purer radiance shine.
His is the ardor more than heroes prove,
Or raptur'd Bards, that chaunt their lofty deeds,
On Fancy's eagle-wings he soars above,
Or with the martyr triumphs as he bleeds.
And, if his soul to tender sadness melt,
No selfish woes his pensive thoughts employ,
And, if th' inspiring touch of bliss be felt,
The smile of Conscience ratifies the joy.
Oh, who in secret, more than he, could pant
For somewhat mocking still his search below,
And droop, while some unutterable want
Made worthless all, that Fortune could bestow?

'Till more than all his warmest wishes sought,
Or Fancy drest in most resplendent beam,
Bright excellence, beyond his boldest thought,
Flash'd on his raptur'd view, and was no dream.

'Till blest Religion his full soul employ'd,
And with new energies its powers endued ;
Reliev'd each want, and fill'd its weary void,
Eternity its sphere, and God its good.

For him the shadowy curtain is withdrawn,
That veils the unknown world from mortal sight,
But there, for him, unfading glories dawn,
While angels beckon to the realms of light.

And, when those realms his happy soul shall seek,
In more than glory shall his memory bloom,
Still from the grave his tuneful voice shall speak,
And bless uncounted ages, yet to come :

While, haply, myriads of celestial birth,
To golden harps his numbers may have given,
And the last melody, he breath'd on earth,
Be the first strain his spirit hears in heaven.

EARLY POEMS,

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Written between the Ages of Fourteen and Sixteen.

THE WISH.

THE sun was sunk behind the western trees,
Contrasting their dark hues with yellow gleam ;
All was so still, so calmly slept the breeze,
Their shadows stirr'd not on th' unruffled stream.

All was so still, to sight it was not given
To mark the slender aspen's light leaves move ;
All was so still, the clouds, that streak'd the heaven,
Chang'd not their form, and were not seen to rove.

No sound ev'n whisper'd thro' the deep'ning shade,
Save, ever dying on the soothed ear,
The low monotony of far cascade,
That timid Silence did not shrink to hear.

Musing, I stray'd ; my heart beat wild, and high
With thoughts, which, sweet, with one their joys to
share,

When no congenial bosom throbs reply,
Expire in silence, or are turn'd to care.

And, as I ponder'd how I still pursued
A lonely path, Life's varied maze along,
How vainly sought a mind of kindred mood,
'Twas thus I pour'd the desultory song.

" Say, breathes there one, whose wearied soul, like mine,
By none its wants—its wishes understood,
Is doom'd, in silent singleness, to pine
For something more than what the world calls *good* ;

" To loathe the sophist's cold, unfeeling prate,
The fool's vain ribaldry, and laughter loud ;
The gloom of unshar'd solitude to hate,
Yet shun to mingle with the senseless crowd ;

" To seek, with never-ending search, a mind,
Whose feelings still should vibrate to his own,
Like chords, which sound so various, when combin'd,
But will not make sweet harmony alone ?

" If such there be, oh, let him not believe
Such lonely sorrows none but him molest,
Oh, let him learn, as wildly *one* can grieve,
As unresponded pants one wayward breast.

“ I ask not of thee, fortune, wealth, or pow’r,
Or any other gift the worldly crave !
Wealth buys not peace, and high Ambition’s tow’r
Hangs on the verge of Ruin’s mining wave.

“ I do not ask to quaff gay Pleasure’s bowl,
Or twine my temples with Love’s rosy wreath ;
The draught, tho’ sweet, is poison to the soul,
The flow’rs, tho’ fair, conceal an asp beneath.

“ I ask with whom to live—with whom to die,
With whom life’s lonely, social hours to spend ;
With whom in joy to smile—in grief to sigh,
I ask thy best, thy rarest gift—a friend !”

I paus’d, in utter solitude of soul,
In silent thought, no language can convey,
When thro’ the gloom a voice divinely stole
To check my grief, and reason care away.

“ Forbear ! (it murmur’d) fondly feed no more
Thy lingering hopes with Fancy’s idle flame,
The vain, the visionary search give o’er
For what, in days like these, is but a name.

“ While listless all on Luxury’s couch recline,
And, quench’d by art, each nobler passion dies,

Deem not to view a votary at the shrine,
Which asks one great—one generous sacrifice.

“ But ev’n should all thy warmest wishes plead,
Or wants require, be giv’n by partial Fate,
Too soon the transient blessing might recede,
And, fleeting, leave thee doubly desolate.

“ Friendship, alas, is but a tender flow’r,
Marr’d by a touch, or blighted by a breath,
And, ev’n escaping ev’ry earthly pow’r,
How may it shun the final grasp of Death?

“ But there is One, whose unremitting love
Time cannot wither—force cannot destroy,
Who, still unchang’d thro’ ev’ry change, will prove
Eternal friend in sorrow, as in joy.

“ Sunk to the lowest depths of want, and care,
His hand will raise—his strength’ning arm sustain;
His voice can whisper comfort to despair,
And soothe to peace the throb of keenest pain.

“ Oh, seek on high the Friend denied thee here,
On Him, who ever hears the suppliant, call!
To Him confide each woe—each want—each fear,
And He will soothe—relieve, and hush them all.”

FANCY.



WHAT is it that sighs in the soft-swelling breeze,
That moans, in the wild wintry blast,
O'er the last leaves it shakes from the forest's tall trees,
As o'er relics of happiness past?

'Tis Fancy! whose soul-binding spells breathe around
A charm, that nought else can impart;
Who, with magic endowment, adds meaning to sound,
And interprets it but to the heart.

Oft weaves she a garland of fair fragrant flowers,
Too quickly, alas, do they fade!
Oft, o'erclouding with sorrow the lone pensive hours,
Twines a wreath of the sad cypress-shade.

Tho' more peaceful the bosom, that ne'er knew the charm,
Which Fancy's bold touch bids arise;
Tho' in airy perspective the colouring warm
Is but seen for a moment—then dies,

Yet still may I soar on her rapturous wing,
With her exquisite sorrows still mourn !
Were the honey as priz'd, if the bee had no sting,
Or the rose, if it bloom'd with no thorn ?

SPRING.

WINTER's hoar frost is melted, and nature has drest
The mead and the grove in Spring's lightly-green vest ;
But the nightingale yet, the lone alleys along
Of the garden, renews not at eve his sweet song

For, alas, she, the queen of his strain, his lov'd rose,
That had dar'd to the day her frail bosom uncloze,
Now fann'd by the breeze, and now bent by the blast,
Droops her pale, pensive head, and is withering fast.

Thus, in life's early day, joy and grief, hope and fear,
Now creating a smile—now demanding a tear,
In alternate succession, each sways the young breast,
And the frown of the one only heightens the rest.

But, ah ! if, beguil'd by those flatterers fair,
It believe, be undone, and sink chill'd by despair,
No more to their smiles can it smile in reply,
Like yon lonely rose, it must wither—or die !

AUTUMN.

THE Autumn is come, and the wild-flitting blast
Reminds us that Summer's fair season is past,
As it scatters relentless the blossoms so pale,
That late lent their fragrance to sweeten the gale.

No more rolls yon river, at intervals seen,
By its bright wave betray'd, thro' its lattice of green,
But the dun shrivell'd leaves, from their parent-bough
torn,

Obscure the swoln stream, they were wont to adorn.

The big clouds sweep swift o'er the pale-yellow streak,
That declining day left on chill Eve's sickly cheek,
And the dim moon appears thro' the vapours to glide,
Like the bark's lonely lamp o'er the drear ocean-tide.

At that lov'd hour no longer the villagers rove,
No dance shakes the green, and no pipe thrills the grove,
'Stead of mirth—'stead of song, the low hoarse breeze
alone

Seems to sigh a sad dirge for each joy that is flown.

Oft Fancy, with some lonely mourner reclined,
Wildly mingles her voice with each deep-sobbing wind;
Oft, with pale, fearful finger, amid the half-gloom,
Traces many a form, that now sleeps in the tomb.

And still to her vot'ry, dark Autumn, more dear
Are thy loose-flowing locks, and thy diadem sear,
Than aught, Spring bestows on the forest or field,
Or aught, that the bright sun of Summer can yield.

LINES

Written with a pencil, at a favourite spot.

THE shower is past. The light breeze shakes
The rain-drops from the tree,
O'er the pink meadow-crocus flit
The butterfly and bee.

Where the lone river and the brook
Yon pathway small divides,
Fragrant is many a freshen'd flower,
That decks their rush-grown sides.
And o'er the swelling waters brown,
That eddy, as they flow,
Elm, oak, and ash, their mingling arms
Fantastically throw.
Here, leaning on the rustic stile,
Which tree to tree unites,
Where the rich landscape, view'd between,
The roving eye invites,
I watch the playful insect-race
Disporting o'er the stream,
Where'er they go, glides with them still
A fitful, diamond gleam.
Yon rude stone-steps the cottage-girl
Descends to fill her pail,
And, while her sweetly-simple song
Is wafted on the gale,
While, mingling its low whispers near,
Rustles the quivering leaf,
I muse in pensive happiness,
And sigh—but not in grief.

EVENING.

Come, Evening, once again, Season of peace,
Return, sweet Evening, and continue long !

Cowper.

I LOVE to rise at early dawn,
To roam o'er hill, and dale, and lawn,
Or view the gambols of the fawn

In forest glade ;

I love to mark the kindling sky,
The mountain's misty canopy,
And hear the birds' wild melody

By hoarse cascade :

And, when the sun from mid-day height

Darts his fierce radiance, I delight

To go, where yet prolong the night

O'erarching shades ;

And, lost in musing, to recline

Where the tall beech-trunks silvery shine,

Round which the ivy joys to twine

Its dark-green braids :

But most I love, at Evening's hour,
To sit within my lonely bower,
And see o'er lake and distant tower
Night's shadows glide;
When weary Day's last tint is dying,
And gales, on lightest pinions flying,
Steal sweetness from each blossom, sighing
Its fragrance wide.

Than musing thought, than sprightly glow,
Noon's shades or Morning's joys bestow,
More dear the calm, which then I know
Within my breast;
I bid' the world, and thoughts, that tell
Its hopes, its fears, its cares, farewell,
And each tumultuous passion's swell
Subsides to rest.

PETITION OF AN AGED OAK.

OH, let me still uninjur'd stand!
Oh, let the cruel steel forbear
To spoil what Time's relenting hand,
And tempests, spare!

When I am laid in dust, no more
The squirrel here his haunts shall hold,
My boughs his home, my fruits his store
For winter's cold :

Nor frame on high his mossy nest,
Nor lure his little ones to spring
From branch to branch, with milk-white breast,
In graceful ring.

No more, within my leafy cell,
The dove shall murmur to his mate,
Nor here the black-bird's wild note swell,
So sweet of late.

The cattle never shall retreat
Beneath my thick impervious bower,
'To shun the noon-day sultry heat,
Or pelting shower.

On my wreath'd roots, no more reclin'd
Shall musing Poet then be found,
To watch my foliage in the wind,
Chequering the ground.

To mark the sun, at eve and morn,
Tint my dark leaves with glowing red,
And gladly hail them yet unshorn,
All others fled.

No more, beneath my sheltering boughs,
Silver'd by Cynthia's tender beam,
The lover shall repeat his vows
To their dear theme ;

Nor, slighted by some breast more chill,
To me his secret pain impart,
Graving the name, more deeply still
Grav'd on his heart.

The shepherd never, here, again
Shall pipe his sweetly-rustic lay,
While round me dance the village train,
Happy, as gay.

Canst thou reflect, while yet I live,
On every good, on every joy,
To man, to Nature's tribes I give,
And yet destroy ?

A BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE oak-forest groan'd, and the hoarse, hollow blast
Shook its old lofty boughs, as it sullenly past;
And the tempest-wing'd clouds, sailing swiftly on high,
Obscur'd the pale moon, as she rode thro' the sky.

On the river's lone margin a maiden reclined,
Gazed intent on the wave, that was chafed with the
wind;
Fast—fast fell the tears from her once beaming eyes
On her poor, throbbing breast, torn with sorrow and
sighs.

Oh, why does the maiden repair here to weep,
When mortals forget their soul's sorrow in sleep?
Why still does she gaze on the wild-heaving wave?
There her heart with her lover lies lock'd in the grave!

Still she mingles, when night's shadows darken the
vale,

Her tears with the stream, and her sighs with the gale ;
Still implores the fell grave o'er her quickly to close,
And to deaden her breast, dead to joy, to its woes.

Hark, she murmurs—" Oh, tyrant, this fond, faithful
heart,

Which despair will not sever, is bared to thy dart !
Insatiate, 'twas thou didst deprive me of rest ;
'Tis thou canst restore it, alone, to my breast !

Soon—soon to rejoin thee, my lover, I come ;
Tho' earth has denied, still unites us the tomb.
Nor blame I the fate, which below I have proved ;
Contented, I die : I have lived—I have loved !

While thus sad she mourn'd, toll'd the lone midnight
bell ;

The keen winds blew cold, the dew chillily fell :
Still she pour'd her wild plaint, but the morning's fair
light

Shone in vain for her eyes—they were closed deep in
night !

THE FAREWELL.

YES, we must part ! perhaps, for ever,
But hope would fondly whisper, No ;
And, ev'n tho' fate ourselves should sever,
Our hearts shall not be parted so.
There is a tie, that binds the soul,
No time—no distance can controul.

And, ev'n in absence, there are pleasures
Of fairy tints, and witching dies,
More lovely than the bow that measures,
In soft reflection, earth and skies :
Such joys—such placid joys—be thine,
The pang of parting only mine !

Canst thou not, when the pensive Ev'ning
Steals thro' the silent, shadowy dell,
And Light, the world reluctant leaving,
Just turns to smile his last farewell ;
Canst thou not shape the vapours blue
Into the form thou'dst wish to view ?

And, when upon the gliding river,
So mildly sweet, the moon-beams play ;
While the pale leaves of aspen quiver,
Pierced by the silvery, soften'd ray,
Cannot the breezes whisper near
The voice, thy bosom pants to hear ?

So shall all nature ever give thee
Memorial of thine absent friend ;
No other record need I leave thee
Than what her own sweet gifts will lend.
But, oh—hush, hush, my idle lay,
Lest grief at last should find its way !

THE DREAM.

DECEITFUL visions, which this yielding heart
Too well—too long—betray'd—beguil'd—depart !
I know you now ! As dreams before the day
Your air-drawn phantoms melt in air away ;
And nought, save memory, is left to tell
There e'er had been what once I lov'd so well.

Too late to stay—I wake to view—my fall,
And mourn the pleasures, I cannot recal.

Haply some lonely wanderer o'er the wild,
Like me, have dreams of fleeting bliss beguil'd.
Lur'd by thy treacherous spells, fantastic Sleep,
To climb the cliff, that totters o'er the deep,
He lays him down on some loose point reclin'd,
Whose baseless summit rocks to every wind.
There, while the lightnings glimmer on the wave,
Crest the white foam, and indicate his grave;
While the loud thunder shakes his giddy bed,
His bosom feels no chill, foreboding dread.
Her varied mantle Fancy o'er him throws,
Her voice of music soothes his deep repose,
And fairy scenes of happiness arise,
Which truth, alas, shall never realize!
Which, like the world, in danger's hour recede,
And leave the wretch to perish, where they lead.
Lo, she transports him to the lov'd retreat,
Where rov'd in infancy, his careless feet;
On whose green turf, beneath whose bowering shade,
With her—to youthful love how dear!—he stray'd.
Swift as the flash, that cleaves yon stormy skies,
O'er yon wide plain, with rapture wing'd, he flies,

Flies to the well-known cot of lowly thatch,
And lifts, with eager hand, the yielding latch.
'Tis she!—In pensive posture bends she o'er
The wheel, her hand forgetful turns no more.
Pale is her cheek—her tearful eyes are dim;
Oh, pin'd that cheek—Oh, wept those eyes for him?
Forward he springs to clasp her to his breast,
To kiss each tear to smiles—each woe to rest.
Ah, then, too late to stay his parting breath,
His eyes wild open, but to close in death!
The severing waves receive his headlong corse,
And o'er it swing with murmur, low and hoarse,
As if they mourn'd above the friendless bier,
Where sigh shall never breathe—shall flow no tear.
Peace to thy soul! Ah, wherefore is not mine
Lost to regret, and sorrow's pang, like thine!

SOLITUDE.

THE bird, that sings, on yonder spray,
His vesper to departing day,
He has a mate his nest to share,
And wing with him the realms of air.

Yon wild deer, seeking, thro' the glade,
His leafy bed beneath the shade,
All day, amid the turfy groves
With his companions jocund roves.

And Man, the thoughtless and the free,
Smiles with the crowd, as light as he,
And asks but some unthinking breast
To echo back the laugh, or jest.

But lonely—lonely is my home,
And lone my footsteps, when I roam;
Affection's gentle ties entwine
No kindred heart in bonds with mine.

In vain for me the morning gray,
Or brighter noon, renews it's ray,
Nor silent night, nor sweets of eve,
Can aught my weary breast relieve.

For there I feel, oppressing still,
A nameless void—a joyless chill,
Which over nature's fairest hues
Their own pale sickly tints diffuse.

Would I were yonder deer, or thou,
Sweet bird, that warblest on the bough,
Ah, then I should not lonely be,
Nor sigh, that there is none like me!

WRITTEN

After a Morning Walk in May, 1815.

DEPARTED Night's last relic fades away,
Yon solitary star; and, in the east
Condensed, the crimson glow of deep'ning morn
Like a rich ruby, clasps pale twilight's zone.
From his low couch of grassy green, inwove
With many a field-flower, springs the early Lark,
And, rising, warbles his ecstatic song.
Wildly irregular, and sweet, tho' shrill
As Shepherd's simple pipe, upon the gale
(The balmy-breathing gale, wafting at once
Fragrance and harmony) the gay notes come;
Till, as he lessens to the following gaze,
They gradual soften on the soothed ear,
And die in distance. Meanwhile brightly now
The Sun looks downward thro' the severing clouds,
That from the sight conceal'd him, as he rose,
Edging their floating folds with fluid hem
Of yellowest amber: the embodied beam
Falls on the slope side of the hill below,
Where every object, thro' it's softening veil,

Looks indistinct, but lovely ; glitter gay
With rainbow tints, on every herb, leaf, flower,
And slenderest blade, the pure, fresh dews of Morn
That vary, while they twinkle, and still seem
(Like tears that tremble in the eye of bliss)
As if they wish'd, but did not dare, to fall.
How sweet the matin hour ! it hath a charm
Peculiar to itself, like early youth—
How full of cheerful joy ! all rural sights
Could, at no other moment, meet the eye
So freshly—vividly, nor rural sounds
Steal with such novel sweetness on the ear.
Ev'n now, while, fancy-led, I slowly stray
Along this narrow and sequester'd vale,
Whose spungy mosses, and unequal tufts
Of tangled verdure, crown'd with taper rush,
Scarce any human foot imprints, save mine,
Or that of early Shepherd, when he leads
His playful lambs to crop each azure bell,
The dew-drop's chalice,—my full bosom heaves
With many a glad emotion, many a thought
Of keenest pleasure, undivorced from peace.
I thank thee, Thou, whose bounteous benefits,
Open to all, I, at this hour, enjoy,
In silent rapture, while my swelling heart
Is eloquent, beyond the power of speech :

I thank Thee, that on me thou didst bestow
A soul so quicken'd to extract delight
Ev'n from the simplest workings of thy hand !
Oh, may I never, or with vice corrupt,
Or sunk by luxury to slavish sloth,
And disregard of all that's good and fair,
Lose that high relish for lov'd nature's charms,
Which now I feel ; which is my pride—my bliss,
And which for all, a thousand worlds could give,
I would not now forego. Oh, teach me, Thou
Eternal Being, whether sable Night
Vest in her starry robe the solemn sky ;
Or that fair orb, Thou gav'st to rule the day,
Bound from his bright bed, and exulting shake
His orient tresses o'er the gladden'd earth ;
At noon—at eve, and thro' each various change,
That marks each season of the circling year,
To taste thy blessings, and feel grateful still !

STANZAS

Written in a blank leaf of Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.

'Tis long that sorrow has maintain'd
Sole empire o'er this cheerless breast,

'Tis long since wayward Hope has deign'd
To breathe one thought of future rest.

When, lo, again, like that bright star,
Which mildly gilds the brow of Eve,
Her gentle lustre shines from far,
To guide—to gladden—and relieve.

Again I hear her seraph-song,
Sad, as the sorrowing heart, it cheers,
Which yet so sweetly floats along,
It raptures, while it raises tears.

And whose the hand, and whose the heart,
That lit her lamp, and bade it shine,
And taught her whispers to impart
A soothing promise? It was thine!

Yes, it was thine; and, oh, not vain
May time that dearest promise prove!
It is, that sorrow, care, and pain,
Shall leave me still thy changeless love.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

OF A

LATER DATE.

*HYDON'S HILL.

DEAR native hill, whose heathy swell
My earliest childhood lov'd so well,
Whose purer air, and views sublime,
So oft have taught my foot to climb;
Hydon, tho' not to thee belong
The wreaths of hist'ry, or of song,
Yet worthier thou to be renown'd,
Than many a hill that fame has crown'd,
And Grongar's self should yield to thee,
Might Grongar's bard thy minstrel be;
Or he, from whom my soul first caught
The rapture of poetic thought,
Warton, whose nature-painting Muse
Stole from thy Surry half her hues.

* Manning, in his History of Surry, derives the name of this hill from High Down.

What, though nor smiling slope of corn,
Nor silver streamlet thee adorn,
Nor shelter of romantic grove
Win to thy haunts the steps of Love;
What, tho' one only aged thorn,
Scorch'd by the sun, by tempests torn,
With sickly verdure scantily drest,
Be all, that shields thy barren breast,
Yet many a wild and simple grace
Ev'n in thy ruggedness I trace,
And the dark contrast of thy mien
But heightens every glowing scene,
Which, at each step, that leads more high,
Arrests with still new charms the eye.
But, while thy praises I rehearse,
No immortality of verse
Dare I in hope to thee assign :
In memory of the past I twine
For thy lov'd brow an artless wreath,
Pluck'd from thine own uncultur'd heath.

Fancy, of thee, deceitful maid,
I ask no visionary aid.
Where each variety of scene
Recals some trace of what hath been,
And ev'ry object is endear'd
By recollection's ties rever'd,

Vain is thy decorative art,
And unaccordant with the heart,
Which can extract delight alone
From what itself hath felt and known.
But, faithful Truth, thy chaster hues,
Yet glowing, o'er my verse diffuse ;
Guide my weak pencil o'er each line
And feature of the just design,
That oft the pictur'd scenes may bring
Full on my view life's halcyon spring;
And, if in distant glades I roam,
Thrill to my soul a sense of home !

How oft, lov'd hill, when Evening calm
Shed o'er the world her wonted balm,
Devious I've roam'd the trackless heath,
Which spreads, thy lofty brow beneath,
(As if to guard from foot profane
The limits of thy lonely reign)
To mark the sun, ere yet gone down,
Tinge thy rich hues with mellower brown :
To see the sportive breezes stir
The redbreast on the juniper,
Whose ruffled plumage caught a gleam
From the broad orb's last levell'd beam ;
And still to watch the gradual gloom
Weave its light shades o'er Heav'n's high dome,

Till gently o'er my passive soul
The same accordant stillness stole.

Oft have I too, when frolic Spring
Shook morning dew-drops from his wing,
Sought thy steep summit, to inhale
The fragrance of the healthful gale,
Forgetting, in that hour of joy,
Each thought of sorrow's sad alloy,
While Fancy to far realms of light
Pursued the lark's adventurous flight.

Now, while beneath the radiant noon,
Glow the bright form of burnish'd June,
And scatters round his lavish pride,
I'll climb thy solitary side.

As on the summit rapt I stand,
The centre of the circling land,
Gazing at once on each delight,
That erst but singly met the sight,
With bland refreshment of my toil,
(Wafting on high their fragrant spoil
Stol'n from yon heaps of new-mown hay)
Round me the winnowing breezes play.
On every side, above, below,
What beauties rise, what colours glow!
Blending, intersecting, meeting,
Or in lengthen'd file retreating,

Slop'd, or, with abrupt abyss,
Scoop'd into chalky precipice,
Bare, or with plenteous stores embost,
Smooth, or with long enclosures crost,
Innumerable rise the hills around ;
Closes the landscape's farthest bound
Their undulating outline, given
Distinct upon the verge of Heaven.
O'er all expands yon cope of sky,
How grand, how vast, a canopy !
Above, of deep cerulean hue,
Declining low to palest blue,
And, on the boundary of the sight,
Melting into liquid white.
Brooding dark storms, no envious cloud
O'er the clear azure spreads its shroud,
Save, half-transparent, when they fleet,
Light as thin flakes of wandering sleet,
And seem to Fancy's gaze afar
Some viewless sprite's ærial car.

How loves the eye beneath to rove
From hedge to hedge, from grove to grove,
O'er fields, with corn—with pasture, green,
And many a stripe of heath between ;
Churches, and villas, spires, and towers,
Peeping from forth their native bowers,

And, 'mid the landscape glimmering cool,
The glassy pond, or marshy pool.
Softly blue the distance fades,
With dim-contrasted lights and shades,
Varying with the clouds, that throw
Their slowly-moving forms below.
All, that a painter's eye can charm,
All, that a poet's heart can warm,
The soul, with one excursive glance,
Seizes, amid the wide expanse.
Me an undefin'd delight
Thrills at the enchanting sight,
And tears are trembling in mine eye,
Children of speechless ecstasy.

Where, far-retiring in the west
Thro' many a smooth hill's varied breast,
Upward appears the vale to rise,
And mingle with the meeting skies,
Beneath the chalk-pit's glittering white,
Guildford, thy turrets meet the sight.
Above, impends thy castle hoar,
Fam'd in traditionary lore ;
Crowning the rocky hill between,
The ruin'd house of prayer is seen,
Which rumour tells, in ancient days,
The sainted Catherine toil'd to raise.

And see, where walls, less broken, crest
Yon height, that swells with barren breast,
Arises Martha's sister fane,*
Where the thin-scatter'd rustic train,
Climbing from far the path-worn hill,
At Sabbath-noon assemble still.
Far to the left pale Hindhead frowns
With level ridge of sun-burnt downs;
Beyond, with pointed summit high,
Ascends fir-cinctur'd Crooksbury;
While, to the right, fair Hascombe vaunts
Her beechen bowers, and Dryad-haunts.
Where Ewhurst lifts its breezy mound,
Turn the tall wind-mill's broad vans round;
And, farther still, the tower of Leith
Looks o'er the subject vale beneath.

Nearer as the eye returns,
Fresh beauties, raptur'd, it discerns.
Like green expanse of sunny seas,
When chequer'd by a vernal breeze,
Varying with the varying gale,
Billows the barley o'er the vale,

* There is a tradition, that the two sisters, Catherine and Martha, built with their own hands the chapels that bear their names, and that they possessed but one hammer between them, which they miraculously tossed from hill to hill.

While light and shade, alternate, chase
Each other o'er its furrow'd face.*
See, where two hills embracing meet,
And form a dingle at their feet,
By copsewood screen'd, and elm-trees tall,
'The cottage rears its simple wall.
With rich variety opprest,
There loves the lingering gaze to rest,
As, when around the world we roam,
More sweet is peace, more dear is home.
Slowly the steep as I descend,
Down the deep dell my footsteps wend :
How mark'd the contrast ! Nought is seen,
Save azure sky, and hill-side green,
Where spreads the flock, whose tinkling bell
Suits the lonely echoes well,
And the sauntering shepherd-boy
Is whistling in his idle joy.

* It is with pleasure I remark a coincidence between the idea conveyed in the foregoing lines, and one, similarly conceived, but differently expressed, by that child of nature, Clare, the peasant-poet of Northamptonshire, in his Sonnet to the Winds, which he represents as

“Sweeping, in shaded waves, the ripening mead.”

They were written long before I had delighted myself with his poems, being composed when I was sixteen.

The gipsy, while her infant train
With hurtles blue† their lips distain,
Uptears the dry heath's purple spire,
Or digs the peat, to feed the fire,
Round which her troop, at midnight deep,
Their mystic orgies wildly keep.
Where the plantation's tender green
Scarce rear'd above the earth is seen,
By the rough hedge, whose sandy side
Is scoop'd in many a cavern wide—
Where lurk the rabbits, that athwart
The narrow pathway frequent start—
My course romantic I pursue,
And linger still—still turn to view
The last dim, distant hills, that peep
Above the intervening steep,
Now seen no more. Sweet spot, farewell!
Long on thy charms will Memory dwell.
Alas, to trace them, they demand
Than mine how far more skill'd a hand!

† The hurtle-berry, or more correctly, the whortle-berry, so common on most of the wild heaths in England.

ON A GRECIAN MIRROR.*

This and the following poem, with the exception of four stanzas ‡ in the first, were written by a friend.

WITHIN this mirror's burnish'd sphere
What features may have softly shone ;
What eyes have fix'd their glances here
On loveliness, for ever gone !

Perchance her lover's whisper'd praise
Some artless maid here first believ'd,
Her blushes kindling at the gaze
Of beauty, then but first perceiv'd.

‡ Oh, fading with the faded charms
Which once within thy circle burn'd,
The Amazon's resplendent arms
Perchance thy surface hath return'd :

* In the possession of Dr. Clarke, Cambridge.

‡ And, as her warlike, wild attire,
In careless haste, was round her thrown,
Flash'd, from her eyes of martial fire,
A lustre, brighter than its own.

Or some heroic matron sought,
(The battle's dreaded conflict near)
To smooth the brow of anxious thought,
And hide th' involuntary tear ;

Compos'd, with sadly-brightening smile,
The mild, pale features of her face,
Here practis'd oft the virtuous guile,
And calmly met the last embrace.

Or, every look with ardour breathing,
(Around her wildly flowing hair
The consecrated laurel wreathing,)
Here gaz'd some frenzied Delphic fair.

Perchance to Christian virgin's cell
The useless mirror hath been given,
Where looks no longer fondly fell
From one, who liv'd alone for Heaven.

There on the ground neglected flung,
Its lustre first began to fade,
Since vanity no longer hung
Enamour'd on the beauteous shade.

The cheek with holy rapture glowing,
The hair unbraided, unconfin'd,
The eyes with tears repentant flowing,
Sought but a mirror for the mind.

‡ Now, all defac'd with canker'd stains,
It glows, delights, reflects, no more,
But still, beneath the rust, remains
The mirror, brilliant as before.

‡ Thus though, beneath the mouldering shroud,
Decay the forms there once impress'd,
Death has no power the soul to cloud,
It only veils its viewless rest.

THE WIFE.*

NAY, tell me, Charles, in pity speak,
This sad, distracting silence break ;

* See page 126.

Sad—for that smile cannot deceive,
In pity then my doubts relieve.
I see thee sit with absent air,
And catch thy look of fix'd despair ;
I hear thy sighs unconscious steal,
And mark the tears, thou wouldst conceal,
While laughing looks too well declare,
That soul is ever wanting there.

You might conceal the grief, that lies
Within your heart, from other eyes,
Which is not like the clouds that pass,
In shadowy flight, o'er waving grass,
Where gloom and sunshine wildly chase
Each other, in their wanton race ;
It is the deep'ning twilight shade,
Where light and colour seem to fade
So faintly, that we scarcely mark
Their death, till all is chang'd and dark.

I know that I have seem'd to thee
Form'd but for trifling gaiety ;
But only try me, let me prove
My constant soul's devoted love ;
Unnoticed 'mid the lively green,
When summer decks the laughing scene,

Around the oak, the ivy flings
Its feeble arms, and fondly clings
Where, 'mid the winter, still it weaves
Bright changeless wreaths of verdant leaves.

LIFE, AS IT SEEMS.

How fair, along the woodland hill,
The tender green of Spring;
How soon more bright, more ardent suns
A deeper verdure bring!

And sweet the landscape newly lit
By life's unfolding day;
But, ah, the lightest touch of Time
Will brush its hues away!

Gay Summer may, in warmer dies,
Her mantle wide unfold,
And Autumn clothe her varied stores
In more resplendent gold;

So youth may boast of brighter dreams,
And more tumultuous joys ;
And manhood plan more prudent schemes,
Or sport with richer toys :

But Memory's eye will oft return
To those first tints of green,
And still the longing heart will yearn
O'er childhood's simple scene.

It is not that, uncheck'd by age,
The blood more freshly flows,
That, yet unchill'd by caution sage,
Fond Hope more warmly glows :

It is that, ere the deadly fruit
Of man's forbidden tree
Spring from its deep, inherent root,
In dark maturity ;

Some flowers of Eden yet remain
Within their once-loved soil ;
Some blossoms, from the plant of life,
In lingering beauty smile.

But, ah, too soon each passing year,
Too keenly, bids us know
That earthly knowledge still retains
The primal curse of woe.

As life rolls on, some added stain
Still marks its sinful course,
Like streams, that, oft, are most impure
When farthest from their source.

One after one, the Passions wake,
Ah, when to sleep again?
One after one, they rudely break
Each chord of peace in twain.

Still vainly on the restless soul,
Alike through joy or care,
Recur the immortal, deep desire,
To be, as once we were.

It may not be :—the sullied snow
Can ne'er be pure again,
And, only by dissolving, lose
The once-contracted stain.

The primrose, crush'd by careless tread,
Revives not with the dew,
But withers through the wintry hours,
'Till Spring its buds renew ;

And what can Innocence restore,
Its spotless hue once flown ?
Oh, what can bid it bloom once more ?
The Grave—the Grave alone !

1816.

LIFE, AS IT IS.

BUT, hark, a voice divine replies,
Is this thy gloomy strain ?
Can sin be never wiped away ?—
Then Christ has died in vain !

And vain must be that holy word,
Of hope, and solace, full ;—
Tho' deep as crimson be thy crimes,
They shall be made as wool.*

* Isaiah, l. 18.

The restless wish, in human hearts,
To be, as once they were,
Learn, 'twas, in mercy to mankind,
Divinely planted there,

To bid him pant for that blest state,
From which he first was driven,
Seek reconciliation with his God,
And raise his hopes to heaven.

And heav'n-implanted, that desire
Of somewhat, ne'er possest,
Which each believes at length shall fill
The void within his breast.

Ambition dreams that Power alone
The talisman can hold;
The soldier seeks it in the field,
The miser in his gold:

The gamester courts it in the dice,
The drunkard in the bowl,
The libertine in sensual vice,
And barter all his soul.

They seek—they seek ; yet never find,
They search the world around :
But there is one, who asks not, here,
What cannot, here, be found.

For him, alone, to worlds unseen,
Faith points her golden rod ;
He seeks the perfect treasure there,
And finds it in his God.

1818.

ON RETURNING TO MY BIRTH PLACE.

SWEET Eden of my childish hours,
From the wild world's tumultuous sea,
Escap'd, I seek thy tranquil bowers,
And feel at length that I am free.

Here, as my shatter'd bark returns,
Hope brightly looks on future years,
The torch of Health, relumin'd, burns,
And Memory smiles thro' all her tears.

Thy long arcades of woven leaves,
Thy beechen bowers, o'erarching dark,
The shadow of whose foliage waves
Light o'er the silver, sunny bark ;

The murmur of thy soft cascades,
Thy waters, greenly, clearly bright,
Thy thymy banks, thy lawns and glades ;
All—all are full of deep delight !

When shall I love a spot like thee ?

Oh, what can ever break a bond
So twin'd by love and memory,
So sweetly strong, so firmly fond ?

Yet, 'tis not ev'n thy sweetest gales,

That bear away my inward woe ;
'Tis not the fragrance of thy vales,
That, in its stead, can bliss bestow :

It is, that thy beloved retreat,

Far from life's toiling, beaten road,
Gives peaceful hours, and leisure sweet,
To hold blest commune with my God !

TO THE SETTING SUN.*

Him have we seen, the greenwood side along,
As o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
Oft, as the woodlark piped his farewell song,
With wistful eyes, pursue the setting sun.

Gray.

FAREWELL, farewell! to others give
The light, thou tak'st from me.
Farewell, farewell! bid others live
To joy, or misery.

To distant climes my fancy flies,
Where now thy kindling beams
On other woods and wilds arise,
And shine on other streams.

* The stanza, which I have prefixed to this poem, suggested the train of ideas, which it attempts to convey. Perhaps, many may think that I have expanded the subject too much. For myself, I feel that I have not expressed half of that, which is concentrated in the single line, "With *wistful* eyes pursue the setting sun." It contains so much true poetry, so much tenderness, and so much beauty, that I cannot say the feelings it excites in me. How *could* Gray omit this stanza, in the corrected copy of his elegy?

The Indian leaves his hut of reeds,
And bounds along the dew ;
Or down the rapid river speeds,
Poised in his light canoe.

Perchance, some exile, on the strand,
Awaits thy coming ray,
As thou, from his dear native land,
Some tidings could'st convey.

Or, as on ocean's farthest rim,
Thy wish'd-for dawn appears,
Still, as it grows less faintly dim,
The wave-toss'd bark it cheers.

More welcome still thy blessed light
Gleams on the stranded wreck,
Where mariners, the live-long night,
Cling to the shatter'd deck.

Now may'st thou bid fond lovers part,
Or shine upon their bliss,
Behold a blythe or breaking heart,
The first, or latest kiss.

Haply, thy hated beams renew
The tear, that sleep had dried,
And mourners, sick'ning at their view,
Remember who has died.

Shine on in other worlds ; but, oh,
Thou wilt not, canst not, see,
'Mid all the sons of men, below,
One being like to me !

Say, breathes there one, who, at this hour,
Beholds thy glories shine,
And owns thy strangely-thrilling power,
With feelings such as mine ?

For I have view'd thee as a friend,
And lov'd, at morn, or eve,
Thy golden progress to attend,
Thy first —last look receive.

Thou, witness of my lonely dreams,
Inspirer of my shell,
Like Memnon's, answering to thy beams,
Not yet—not yet farewell !

How soft, how tender a repose
O'er Nature sheds its balm,
Like Sorrow, mellowing, at the close,
To Resignation's calm !

While man's last murmur, hush'd to rest,
Steals gradual from the ear,
As the world's tumult, from a breast,
Where heav'n alone is dear.

O'er all my soul seems gently shed
A kindred, soften'd light ;
I think of hopes, that long have fled,
And scarcely mourn their flight.

Yet, somewhat in my bosom stirs
Fond Memory's pain'd regret,
As all the varied past recurs ;
It will not leave me yet !

Now does thy car descend beneath
The boundary of our skies,
And sheds upon the purpled heath
Its last, and deepest dies.

Behind the tall fir's sable trunk
The half-orb lingers still,
But now its latest curve is sunk
Below the dark-blue hill.

I gaze, as if thou wert not gone,
Or as my gifted eye
Could follow too where thou art flown,
And still thy path descry.

To calmer realms thou seem'st to go,
I would pursue thy flight,
As if no care, nor pain, nor woe,
Could track thy steps of light ;

Far from the cold, whose looks repel,
The warm, whose words deceive ;
The cruel, who can wound too well
Hearts, that too much believe.

From thine how different is my lot !
Soon, soon thy rising ray
Will shine on lids, that open not
To greet the opening day :

But thou thy splendours still shalt lead
Across thy native skies,
Bright as before—and who shall heed,
When one so lonely dies ?

Yet shall I live, when thou, oh Sun,
With every subject world,
Thy transitory uses done,
Shalt be to ruin hurl'd.

Once more farewell ! Another day,
To all, or dark or glad,
Fleets with thy vanish'd orb away,
And am I pleas'd or sad ?

I know not. All my soul to speak,
Vain words their aid deny ;
But, oh, the smile is on my cheek,
The tear is in mine eye !

ANASTASIUS TO HIS CHILD, ALEXIS,
SLEEPING.*

SLEEP, oh, sleep, my dearest one,
While I watch thy placid slumbers,
And pour, in low and pensive tone,
To lull thee, wild and plaintive numbers.
If my tears thy pillow steep,
Sleep—thou canst not see me weep !

Thy cheek is pillow'd on mine arm,
As if secure that thee it shielded,
And there a flush more deeply warm
The pressure to its tint hath yielded :
Thy hand, which mine did lately clasp,
Dwells there, relaxing in its grasp.

I love to view thy beauteous face,
To cheer me thro' the day's long toiling ;

* See Mr. Hope's novel of Anastasius.

I love its every change to trace,
Shaded by thought—in pleasure smiling :
Amid the world, with pride I see
All eyes do homage unto thee :

But, oh, this hour is most—most dear,
When, even from the friendly stealing,
I seek my only pleasure here,
And fix on thee my every feeling ;
When thou dost seem all—all mine own,
To live, breathe, smile, for me alone.

And, oh, to guard thee thus from ill,
No other joy can rank before it,
When ev'n thy sleep seems conscious still
How true a love is watching o'er it !
Such perfect confidence is shewn
In this defenceless hour alone.

Sleep, thou can'st not know the love,
Which passes all of outward shewing,
Much may my looks, words, actions prove,
But how much more untold is glowing !
And now, in silent loneliness,
It passes all, I most express.

A tender sadness melts my soul,
And Memory, with her train attending,
Seems all her pages to unroll,
While Hope her airy dreams is blending.
My tears are sweet; yet see not thou,
Lest thou mistake their drops for woe.

I think of all I am, the while,
Of guilt's dark hours, and life all blasted,
And thou the only thing to smile
Upon the heart, so wildly wasted :
Oh, what can tell the rush of thought,
With joy, grief, rapture, anguish, fraught !

But, with a thrill of keener pain,
A shuddering dread has now o'ercome me,
That dries those kindly tears again,—
Oh, should the future tear thee from me !
Ah me, ah me ! I hold thee now—
Shall I ask ever—where art thou ?

I cannot call thee back again,
Nor o'er again these joys be living,
And thousand worlds were pledg'd in vain,
To give what now this hour is giving ;
But I shall writhe in fruitless woe,
With pangs, which—no, I *do* not know.

Yet wherefore thus perversely run
To boded ill from present pleasure?
I know not why; but lives there one,
Who binds his life in *one* rich treasure,
Whom the wild thought has never crost,
“What should I feel, were this but lost?”

Should he now wake, and see my face
So chang'd by passions, fiercely blending,
Would he not deem, that in my place
Some fiend was o'er his pillow bending?
I speak too loud—he seems disturb'd—
My wild emotion must be curb'd.

Hark, his lips move; and gently frame,
In dreamy slumber, words half-broken.
Ah, was not that?—it is my name,
Which by those cherub lips is spoken!
I feel a thrill of vivid joy,
To know that I his thoughts employ.

He fear'd, that, ere his eyes could close,
A weary vigil mine should number,
Dear innocent! he little knows
How quickly youth shakes hands with slumber
Ev'n ere my voice had soften'd, thou
Wert in oblivion, deep as now.

Now gently I withdraw my arm,
Fearful thy quiet sleep of breaking;
Thou giv'st no token of alarm,
And pleas'd I see thee not awaking;
The taper shaded with my hand,
Gazing on thee awhile I stand.

How beautiful in his repose!
The long dark lash the white lid fringing,
The rich hair clustering on his brows,
And the blue vein his forehead tinging.
What childish innocence display'd,
Ev'n in that hand so careless laid!

When to my own near couch I steal,
I'll listen still to hear thee breathing,
'Till with that lullaby I feel
Sleep's dewy mantle o'er me wreathing:
How sweet the sound, how welcome—dear,
Which tells me what I love is near!

But first, ere I can calm recline,
In silent prayer I kneel beside thee,
And sue each blessing may be thine,
Long forfeited, or still denied me.
Now one last kiss, with caution given,
And I resign my watch to Heaven.

TO A FRIEND.

THE world does not know me ; to that I appear,
As rapture, or grief wakes the smile, or the tear,
Now light—now reflective—now mournful—now gay,
Like the gleams, and the clouds of a wild April-day.

The wise oft will frown, the contemptuous will smile,
The good oft reprove, yet look kindly the while ;
Indifferent to those, I am thankful to them,
But ev'n they do not know what it is they condemn.

For it is not the faults, which the multitude see,
That are wept o'er in secret so wildly by me,
These scarcely a thought from my sorrows can win ;
Oh, would they were all !—but the worst is within.

Thou only dost know me ; to thee is reveal'd
The spring of my thoughts, from all others conceal'd ;
Th' enigma is solved, as thou readest my soul,
They view but a part, thou beholdest the whole.

Thou know'st me, above, yet below what I seem,
Both better, and worse than the multitude deem;
From my wild wayward heart thou hast lifted the pall,
From its faults, and its failings; yet lov'st me with all!

ABSENCE.

WHEN I could fain recal to these sad eyes
The face, on which they most desire to dwell,
'Tis strange, the lovely vision will not rise,
Tho' Memory knows each separate trait so well.*

Th' unvalued faces of the passing crowd,
When least the soul their image would descry,
The vacant mien, the sullen, or the proud,
Distinctly painful, meet the mental eye.

* Sir Thomas Brown, in his *Religio Medici*, has a curious explanation of this phenomenon. He imagines that we grow so like those we love, that we can no more remember their looks, than our own.

Thine but in visions of the silent night,
When pure intelligence awakes alone,
One moment flashes on the inward sight,
Gives one blest thrill of rapture, and is flown.

It is because its power is all of mind,
Whose beams for grosser sight too subtly dart,
Which, ever-varying, cannot be defin'd,
And mocks the painter's toil, the poet's art.

And that lov'd voice, whose accents now would steal
In murmurs soft as Pity's melting sigh,
And now, in varied melody, reveal
Th' ingenuous warmth of native energy,

In speaking, music, but in song, oh, more
Than colder words imperfect can define!
How oft officious Memory will restore
Each other voice, but, oh, how seldom thine!

Inimitable thus by mortal skill
Th' Æolian notes in melting sweetness rise,
Thus o'er the opal shift the colours still,
And who can paint the restless, playful dies?

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Love is like the shadow, seen
When the sun first lights the skies,
Stretching then o'er all the green,
But dwindling, as each moment flies.

Friendship is the shadow, thrown
When the day its noon has past,
Increasing, as life's sun goes down,
Ev'n 'till it has look'd its last.

A COMPARISON.

When night is closing, drear and chill,
Around the traveller's lonely way,
As far o'er barren heath and hill
His faltering steps bewilder'd stray,

His eye yet dwells upon the streak,
That marks the track of Evening's car,
Or turns above, in Heaven to seek
The radiance of some guiding star.

And thus, while round the present hour
Misfortune all her clouds has cast,
My soul, escaping from her power,
Lives in the future, or the past ;

And gazes on the parting gleam
Of days, now sunk in deepening gloom,
Or turns to seek the guiding beam,
Which Hope sheds bright thro' those to come.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.*

THE clouds, that had mantled the dark sky all day,
From the doors of the west are now breaking away ;
See the sun his fair face for a moment unfold,
Then set in a glory of crimson and gold !

* I had never seen Dr. Watts's Hymn on a similar subject, when I composed these lines.

Thus when life's fleeting day, by misfortune o'ercast,
Has been beat by the tempest, and chill'd by the blast,
To the faint weary traveller sweet is the close,
And welcome the moment, that whispers repose.

See, the shadows disperse ; not a vestige remains
Of his doubts, or his terrors, his woes, or his pains ;
All is clear, all is lovely, and brilliant in hue,
And Heaven effulgent bursts forth on his view !

LINES WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

'Tis still as Death ; and Death's twin-brother, Sleep,
Beneath this roof embraces all but me ;
This is my hour of bliss ; I wake, and weep,
But, dearest, it is bliss to weep for thee !

Oh, when I breathe for thee the voiceless prayer,
With such intensity of ardent thought
That all my soul is rapt, and centred there,
Dost thou not feel my spirit round thee float ?

And when at length distinctly bright I see
Thy long sought image bless my mental eye,
Art thou not musing then (fond thought!) on me,
Or wafting prayers for me beyond the sky?

Oh, as thou sleep'st the sleep devoid of care,
Which tranquil innocence alone can know,
That some kind pitying angel in thine ear
Would breathe my words; yet, ah, without their woe!

For I would not distress thee with the sound
Of all the sighs, which rend my suffering breast;
And, rather than thy heart one moment wound,
Feel my own break with all its grief suppress.

TO THE SCENTLESS VIOLET.

DECEITFUL plant, from thee no odours rise,
Perfume the air, or scent the mossy glade,
Altho' thy blossoms wear the modest guise
Of her, the sweetest offspring of the shade.

Yet not like her's, still shunning to be seen,
And by their fragrant breath, alone, betray'd,
Veil'd in the vesture of a scantier green,
To every gazer are thy flowers display'd.

Thus, Virtue's garb Hypocrisy may wear,
Kneel as she kneels, or give as she has given,
But, ah, no meek retiring worth is there,
No incense of the heart exhales to heaven !

THE EXILE.

A FRESH gale the tops of the white billows curl'd,
The anchor was lifted, the sails were unfurl'd ;
And the ship, as the waves she triumphantly prest,
Left a long track of light on the ocean's green breast.

His arms sadly cross'd o'er a bosom of woe,
A time-wither'd Exile stood high on the prow ;
His thoughts might be traced on his forehead of care ;
But no tear dimm'd his eye,—it was glazed by despair.

Farewell, my own country ! he, mournfully, cried,
For thee have I lived, and for thee could have died ;
Oh, would I had fall'n with the high-soul'd, the brave,
O'er whose tombs the bright laurels, they reap'd, proudly
 wave.

Yet happier far is my lot, than of those,
Who to thee, their sire's land, have proved traitors and
 foes ;
For, next to the glory of dying, must be
The pride of thus having been exiled for thee.

Since, had they not known there was fire in my soul,
And might in my arm, which they could not control,
Had they sent me afar from thy vallies to stray ?—
Let the sparrow remain, chase the eagle away !

Ye mean, mighty tyrants, who tremble and kill,
Ye slaves, who can crouch to the tyrant's proud will,
Ye, ne'er, to your level my soul can subdue,
In my chains—in my chains, I am freer than you !

O my country ! the pang that I feel, as I part
From thy shores, is like tearing the life from my heart !
Yet, is it not better this anguish to taste,
Than the worse, to remain, and behold thee disgraced ?

Your halls are no longer the homes of the free,
And, therefore, no more a meet shelter for me ;
Your songs breathe, no longer, sweet liberty's cheer,
And, therefore, are music no more to mine ear.

I look on the waves, and behold there the cure
Of the woes I have past, of the ills I endure ;
Death woos me ; but, no ! it is prouder to live,
Revenge ! but 'tis nobler by far to forgive.

That they have subdued me, oh, let them not boast !
I have conquer'd myself, who have conquer'd a host :
This, this my revenge ; and my triumph shall be
My last dying prayer for thy tyrants, and thee !

THE TEAR.

THERE is a joy, a lonely tear,
By none beheld, to none reveal'd,
To every feeling heart more dear
Than all that wealth, or power can yield.

Is others' happiness o'ercast ?
It mingles soft with Pity's sigh ;
O'er the fond records of the past,
It slowly streams from Memory's eye.

And, when the silent bosom swells
With feelings, that we cannot speak,
By murmuring brooks, in moonlight dells,
Oh, then it trembles on the cheek !

It is the sacred tear, that flows,
Devotion's humble tribute given,
When every passion finds repose,
And every thought is lost in heaven.



AN EVENING THOUGHT.



REFLECTED in the lake, I love
To mark the star of Evening glow,
So tranquil in the heaven above,
So restless on the wave below.

Thus, heavenly Hope is all serene,
But earthly Hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

LINES WRITTEN IN A BOOK, PRE-
SENTED TO A FRIEND.

'Tis not the value of a gift we prize,
For, oh, how worthless all, we can impart,
Must ever seem, in Friendship's generous eyes,
When she has given, and received the heart!

'Tis prized, because it tells us, we are, still,
By one beloved, tho' others' love have died;
By one remember'd, whom no time can chill,
Altho' forgotten by the world beside.

LINES, COMPOSED DURING AN EARLY
MORNING WALK.

THOU need'st not fly, poor, timid, cautious hare,
Whom, sporting in my morning path, I see ;
No murderous engine in my hands I bear,
Thy cry of death would be no mirth to me,
For, of the Muses' gentle train am I,
Who love all nature's tribes ; thou, therefore, need'st not
fly.

I only come to view the charms of Morn,
And breathe the freshness of her quiet hour,
And hear the birds' wild, rapturous music, borne
On the cool breeze from brake, and woodland bower,
Without a thought of violence, or strife,
But least of all to thee, who giv'st the landscape life.

Nor thou, sweet blackbird, who, on yonder spray,
Art carolling thy strain, so blythely loud,
Suspend, at my approach, the joyous lay,
Nor haste in deeper groves thyself to shroud :

I meditate the sylvan reign no wrong,
But drink, with ear and heart, thy extasy of song.

Poor harmless tenants of the woods and plains,
I mourn that man has made you what ye are,
He, who your tyrant, not your master, reigns,
And what he should protect, delights to mar !
Of all that bleed beneath his barbarous hand,
How small a part is that, his real wants demand !

But ye can only know that I am one
Of these tyrannic sovereigns of earth,
And ye are wise, the near approach to shun
Of those, who make your agonies their mirth.
Oh man, to read thy fall, thou need'st but look
In every sullied page of Nature's open book !

ON A LOCK OF HAIR.

THOU simplest, dearest gift of love,
More precious far than gold or gems,

Which they, who have not gems to give,
Can yet bestow ;

Which seems so intimate a part
Of what we love, that of the life,
We hold so dear, a part seems still
To live with us.

Another's hand the portrait trac'd,
'Tis but a cold, unmoving shade,
But Love, alone, was smiling by,
When this was given.

No crystal guards the waving threads,
Art shall not throw one chilling touch
O'er that, which is all nature now,
Free as it grew.

To press thee to my lips, my heart,
Is livelier, sweeter, purer joy,
Than all that, now, surrounds my path,
Tho' bright, can give.

LOVE.



OF all, this fleeting life imparts,
For this—for this, alone, I sigh,
To build myself, in gentle hearts,
A shrine of lasting memory ;

Where Love his sacred vows shall pay,
Hourly, throughout long absent years ;
And Piety, sweet seraph, lay
Her warmest incense, and her tears.

Bring every costly gem, that shines
In earth's dark caves, or ocean's hall ;
Heap all the gold of Indian mines,
One grain of love outweighs it all.

Not such as mortals blush to own,
Not, vain romance, thy sickly flame,
But such as springs from Him, alone,
Who deigns to bear that loveliest name.

To pyramids let others trust,
Their lasting memory to secure ;
When their proud urns are laid in dust,
My unseen trophies shall endure.

Let others toil, the wreath to claim,
By genius, glory, empire wove ;
I do not ask to live with Fame,
In future years, but dwell with Love.

A PORTRAIT.

PALE, yet not sickly, is his cheek ; his brow
Smooth, and expanded, as a waveless lake ;
His mild blue eye is not without its fire,
But 'tis a temper'd light, that tells of peace,
Like summer lightning, on a tranquil eve.
His mouth, at rest, might tempt the sculptor's art,
And, tempting, baffle ; but the painter's more,
When, variable as ocean's light and shade,
It gives the rapid movements of the mind.
Though I have learnt that many a tranquil brow

Expands its smoothness o'er a troubled soul,
Like snow on the volcano's surface spread,
Yet smiles, like his, come only from the depth
Of bosoms, hush'd in purity and peace,
As those soft dimples, which do only break,
Spontaneous, on the clearest, calmest springs.
A careless eye might pass him in the crowd,
A common eye might see no beauty there ;
For no strong contrast of dark wreathing locks,
Or sunny cheek, or mark'd o'erarching brow,
Attracts the gaze ; yet he, who once has gazed,
He knows not why, is drawn to look again,
And feels a nameless charm, that wins upon him,
With something new, still every time he looks,
'Till he accuses his dull, noteless eye,
That mark'd not all, it now beholds, before.
Aye, but the mind—oh, what a pale reflex
Is ev'n that countenance of such a mind !

* * * * *

THE BLISS OF SLEEP.

————— περιπλυσσων χερας,
 Ονομα καλων σου ————— εν αγκαλαις
 Δοξω —————, καιπερ ειχων, εχειν·
 Ψυχραν μεν, οιμαι, τερψιν· αλλ' ομως βαρος
 Ψυχης απαλλοινη αν.

Euripidis Alcestis.

WHEN Sleep has fetter'd this dull clay,
 Ah, sure, releas'd, the spirit flies
 Far, from its earthy cell, away,
 And snatches all, that day denies!

'Tis then the bounds of time recede,
 The past must, then, its spoils restore,
 The bars of fate no more impede,
 And distance can divide no more.

We see the face, our restless glance,
 Unveil'd by slumber, asks in vain;
 We press the hand, which we, perchance,
 While waking, ne'er shall press again.

While, thus, the absent and the lov'd,
With rapturous joy, we seem to greet,
Oh, why should be the thought reprov'd,
That soul with soul may *truly* meet!

The face—the form of one held dear,
Remembrance, haply, may pourtray,
Or whisper to th' abstracted ear
The voice of one, too far away ;

But these can ne'er afford relief
To those keen pangs, which absence gives,
The fleeting shadow mocks our grief,
It does not breathe—it never lives ;

It only wrings the soul anew,
Convulsed with ineffectual pain,
To think we may not—cannot view
That face, or hear that voice again :

But, Sleep, thy fond deceptive art
Can all the warmth of life supply,
To shadow substance can impart,
To fancy's dreams, reality.

Dawn of the liberty complete,
When from its bonds the soul shall soar,
And, in its Saviour's presence, meet
Those, whom it loves—to part no more !

KINDRED FEELING.

How softly sweet each stealing tone,
Harp of the breeze, thou fling'st around,
When he, to whom thou yield'st alone,
Draws forth thy hidden stores of sound !

But far more sweet the answering chords,
In breasts with kindred music fraught,
When that is breath'd to life, in words,
Which dwelt, 'till then, in lonely thought :

Some cherish'd feeling, unavow'd,
Which never, yet, we dar'd reveal,
Lest, haply, the insulting crowd
Should mock at what it could not feel.

Oh, when it springs from lips we love,
In nature's simple language drest,
What joy, so near to those above,
Can breathe its rapture o'er the breast?

So well the kindred sounds have stirr'd
Th' awaken'd heart's responsive tone,
It deems it must before have heard
A melody, so like its own;

And yet we know, that joy so sweet
Did never yet its pulses thrill,
Else 'till this hour it had not beat
So lonely, and so weary still.



LINES COMPOSED IN A CATHEDRAL.



WHILE rapt I listen to the mellow'd sound
Of the full voices, and the organ's peal,
Remembrance calls her shadowy train around,
With all, that bids the wither'd bosom feel.

Oh, only now my better part awakes,
Oh, only now the pent-up waters flow,
Whence the sick soul her thirst one moment slakes,
One moment melts in luxury of woe!

Ah, cease not yet!—Alas, the spell is o'er,
And the last echo dies the aisle along,
And that dead weight has crush'd my soul once more
Which yields alone to melody and song.

SEPARATION.

OH, 'tis one scene of parting here!
Love's watch-word is, "Farewell,"
And almost starts the following tear,
Ere dried the last that fell:
'Tis but to feel, that one most dear
Grows needful to the heart,
And, straight, a voice is muttering near,
Imperious, "Ye must part!"

Oft too we doom ourselves to grieve,
For wealth or glory, rove ;
But, say, can wealth or glory give
Aught, that can equal love ?
Life is too short thus to bereave
Existence of its spring,
Or ev'n for one short hour to leave
Those, to whose hearts we cling.

Count o'er the hours, whose happy flight
Is shar'd with those we love,
Like stars amid a stormy night,
Alas, how few they prove !
Yet they concentrate all the light,
That cheers our lot below,
And thither turns the weary sight
From this dark world of woe.

And could we live, if we believ'd
The future like the past ?
Still hope we on, tho' still deceiv'd,
The hour shall come at last,
When all the visions, Fancy weav'd,
Shall be by Truth imprest,
And they, who still in absence griev'd,
Shall be together blest.

But happiest they, whose gifted eye
Above this world can see,
And those diviner realms descry,
Where partings cannot be.
Who, with one changeless Friend on high,
Life's varied path have trod,
And soar to meet, beyond the sky,
The ransom'd and their God.

THE POET'S PASSION.

O THINK not, soul of warlike fire,
That Glory thee alone hath beckon'd,
That thou, whom Honor's dreams inspire,
Most years of future fame hast reckon'd !
There is an ardor fiercer far
Than all thy dreams, or deeds of war.

O think not, thou, who high would'st climb
To greet Dominion's rising sun,
Thy visions are the most sublime,
That ever yet the fancy won !
There is a prouder, loftier hope,
That towers above thy daring scope.

O think not, thou, whose gold is hoarded,
Whose bags with crowded treasure burst,
That Nature has to thee afforded
The eager soul's intensest thirst !
There is an avarice, far beyond
Thine aim most grasping—wish most fond.

O dream not thou, whose every vein
Is throbbing wild with fever'd love,
That mad delight, that pleasing pain
All other tumults soar above !
There is a passion, which can thrill
The soul with transport wilder still.

Warrior, chief, miser, lover—all,
Come, bow your souls before the bard !
For present recompense ye call,
He for the future's high reward :
As sculpture cold, your fame survives,
While his, like painting, breathes and lives.

To conquer with persuasive arts,
When, soldier, all thy laurels wither,
To build an empire over hearts,
When king and empire sink together,
To seize on Fame's enduring ore,
When spendthrifts waste the miser's store ;

These are the aims—the hopes—the thirst—

Which thro' the Bard's wild bosom shiver,
In secret born, in silence nurst,

But, oh, more deep than silent river !

And fraught with raptures far above

The hopes—the fears—the bliss of love.

STANZAS.

WHEN Death shall bid that heart be still,

Which beat too warmly, for its peace,
And give this spirit, worn with ill,

Its long-delay'd—its wish'd release,
O think not that the love shall cease,

Which glow'd throughout this earthly scene,
Which ev'n Despair could not decrease,

Nor make me wish it ne'er had been !

Yes, they may tear thee from me now,

But then thou shalt again be mine—

Mine by each tie—each holiest vow

Which Faith can breathe, or Love can twine.

As swift as sever'd streams combine,
Their parting barrier roll'd away,
My kindred soul shall blend with thine,
When broken from its bonds of clay.

By day, when danger round thee teems,
I'll warn thee of the peril near,
By night, I'll whisper to thy dreams,
And guard thy slumbers well from fear ;
And breathe such music in thine ear,
As soothes the sainted, when they die,
Or, rob'd in radiant light, appear
In visions to thine inward eye.

But should'st thou first, by God's high will,
Be taken from this world of woe,
No fear the fatal shaft should kill,
I sink beneath the self-same blow ;
As trees, that cannot meet below,
Will intertwine their boughs above,
On high our deathless souls shall know
The union of immortal love.

THE LONELY HEART.

—
THERE is a joy in loneliness,
Which lonely minds alone can know,
Such as to none can e'er express
The secrets of their joy or woe ;

Souls, wild, and various as the lyre,
That ne'er to mortal touch will yield ;
Mysterious as the tomb's deep fire,
Never to mortal eye reveal'd :

Who feel within them deathless powers,
That pant, and struggle to be free ;
That would outstrip Time's lazy hours,
And launch upon Eternity.

Ah, little deems the blind, dull crowd,
When gazing on a tranquil brow,
What thoughts and feelings unavow'd,
What fiery passions lurk below !

That, while the tongue performs its part,
And custom's trivial phrase will say,
On Fancy's wings the truant heart
Fleets to some region far away ;

Feeds sweetly on some chosen theme,
Holds converse with the dearly-lov'd,
Weaves the light tissue of a dream,
Or wanders, where we once have rov'd.

All is not as it seems : that eye,
Tho' bright, may oft be quench'd in tears,
And oft that bosom heave the sigh,
Unheeding as it now appears.

Then, oh, the rapture, none can tame,
To think the soul at least is free,
And view, who may, the outward frame,
No eye, save One, the heart can see !

And that parental eye can ne'er
Upon his cherish'd thoughts intrude,
Which deigns his loneliness to share,
Yet leaves the bliss of solitude.

'Tis he, that ever loves to hear
The hurrying of th' unbridled wind,
And, following on its wild career,
Owns kindred wildness in his mind.

He loves to gaze the starry sky,
Or ocean's heaving plain to view,
Where no dull barrier checks the eye,
And feels his soul as boundless too.

When, round the moon, each broken cloud
Takes every hue of light and shade,
Oft tinted like the gleamy shroud
Which Autumn on the woods has laid;

When, rising, on the distant waves
A long pale line of light she throws,
He wanders by the ocean-caves,
And strange disorder'd transport knows.

Oft too, at eve, his eye will turn
To alpine clouds amid the west,
Where gorgeous colours richly burn,
By the sun's parting glance imprest.

There, with the spirits of the air,
His spirit travels, pleas'd or griev'd,
Shapes out a thousand visions there,
And weeps at what itself conceiv'd ;

Now seems o'er lonely tracts to roam,
Now climbs, with pain, the dizzy steep,
Now hails—now leaves his mountain-home,
Now steers his bark along the deep.

To him will music's every tone
Yield bliss, beyond the vulgar joy,
Nor idly please his ear alone,
But all his wakeful soul employ.

To him it seems a mighty spell,
Which calls, and never calls in vain,
Imagination from her cell,
With all her air-embodied train.

Lo, while he shuts his shaded eyes,
(As deeming thus the ear might win
That quicken'd sense, their loss supplies)
The bright soul opes her eyes within.

What graceful forms, in braided dance,
What scenes, of more than mortal hue,
Flit by, in varied elegance,
Or rise before his vision'd view !

Still, as the changeful measures flow,
He frames some wild accordant tale,
Now soars to joy, now sinks to woe,
As the notes triumph, or bewail.

These joys are his ; and can he turn
One thought upon the world below ?
Can he do aught than proudly spurn
All it can promise, or bestow ?

He *will* not turn from these pure joys,
For all that Pomp or Power have known ;
To them he leaves gaudes, sceptres, toys,
Content to call his mind his own.

TO POETRY.



IN life's dark passage, there are hours
When all, that once seem'd brightly ours,
Hope, joy, love, wit's creative powers,
 Seem fled and gone :
When friends seem all estranged, or lost,
Each fair occasion rudely crost,
And we cast forth on fortune's coast,
 All—all alone !

In such a mood, I now pursue
The desert path, that on my view
Extends ; and wilt *thou* leave me too,
 Loved Poetry ?
I feel thy inspiration glow
More faintly, thro the chill of woe,
Wilt thou, my only friend below—
 Oh, wilt thou fly ?

Art thou, too, as the faithless things,
That fleet on fickle pleasure's wings ;
Art thou a bird, that only sings
 In greenest bowers ;
And, ere the milder seasons fail,
Flies, like the timorous nightingale,
Who only charms the listening vale
 In vernal hours ?

Oh, I believ'd thou wert the friend,
Who would my weary steps attend,
Ev'n 'till they falter'd to the end
 Of life's dull plain ;
That thou wouldst teach me still to speak
Woes, which, unspoken, would but break
The heart, too early taught to ache
 In silent pain.

The wreaths of Fame I will resign,
Which once I deem'd thy hand might twine,
A cypress garland, dark as mine,
 Sorts not with bay :
Alas, the heart must be at ease,
And pleased itself, that hopes to please ;
Or Fancy's lively visions seize
 In bright array.

But, gentle soother of my pain,
Thou must not leave me, tho' my strain,
In unregarded notes, complain

To me, alone :

Tho' Sorrow all thy themes supply,
'Till, spent each vital energy,
With me thy mournful numbers die,
Like me, unknown !

“ THERE IS NO MUSIC IN THE HOL-
LOWNESS OF COMMON PRAISE.”

Southey.

MORE sweet, to thirsting Pilgrim's ear,
The stream, that some green pasture laves,
Than mighty ocean, roaring near,
With all his multitude of waves.

By pensive Eve, by sprightly Morn,
One only star is still preferr'd,
And Night's pale Queen, thro' ether borne,
Will listen to one only bird.

The drum, the trumpet's loud alarm,
With joy, awhile, the soul may fill ;
And yet, when these have ceas'd to charm,
One lonely lute delights us still.

So, while I pour my idle lays,
My soul more genuine sweetness draws
From thy lov'd looks, and words of praise,
Than from a gather'd world's applause.

ON RE-VISITING A FAVORITE SCENE.

OFt, in this cool, sequester'd shade,
Would Fancy, once, the hours beguile ;
While by the eddying stream I stray'd,
Or mused upon the rustic stile,
And, pleas'd, survey'd the landscape fair,
But something, still, seem'd wanting there.

When on the world, reluctant, thrown,
By sad experience, doom'd to learn
How the heart beats in crowds, alone,
Still to this spot would memory turn,
Still to its every haunt repair ;
Yet one fond tie was wanting there.

But now, within my happier breast,
That sacred tie, at length, is twin'd,
And all of loveliest, and best,
Seems in this cherish'd spot combin'd :
'Tis given, with thee, its sweets to share,
And nothing now is wanting there.

To C. B. T.

I SAW thee first, when Fortune's ray
Thy pleasures crown'd ;
And thou wert young, and brightly gay,
As all around :

But Fortune's lustre soon was flown,
Like morning dew ;
While thine was like the valued stone,
Nor with it flew ;

But in misfortune beam'd more bright,
As the rude steel
Must bring the brilliant gem to light,
Earth's caves conceal.

And who had known the jewel's worth,
'Till they were riven,
Which drinks, ev'n deep beneath the earth,
A beam of Heaven ?

Oh, in adversity more dear !
Affection's band
Is drawn more intimately near,
By Grief's rude hand.

The purer bliss, which now we know,
Nought can destroy ;
And sweeter 'tis to soothe thy woe,
Than share thy joy.

THE UNTUNED HEART.

NAY, do not wake the lyre again !
For to a heart, unstrung as mine,
The softest, sweetest notes, in vain,
Their witching melody combine.

The pulse of Joy, to lively tones,
In careless ecstasy, may bound,
While Mirth the kindred measure owns,
And trips the gay, fantastic round.

To tender numbers Love may melt,
To lofty strains may Courage fire ;
And, oh, how oft has Sorrow dwelt,
Enamour'd, on the pensive lyre !

To all, save me, thy skill divine
Some touch responsive, may afford,
But to a heart, unstrung as mine,
All music owns no answering chord.

IT IS NOT HERE.



AH, Fool, to seek for Love on earth !

It only dwells in realms above,
Or in a lonely breast, like mine ;
But what a dream is mutual love !

More true, alas, the early lore,
Which sung him from his Psyche flown,
Who, wandering, sought his form in vain,
Condemn'd to live—love—die—alone !

Find me two hearts, that, once, or now,
With equal fondness burnt, or burn,
And I will in their sunshine live,
Or die upon their faithful urn.

From love's high fount, which, pure and bright,
From God to erring man extends,
Then fathomless ; the living stream
Still lessens, as it still descends :

Swells in the father, but the child
Hath ne'er a like affection proved ;
Thus Nature's self hath barriers rais'd
Between the loving, and the lov'd.

'Tis this, that makes my misery,
And bids me pant for realms above,
Where this vain wish torments no more,
But all shall be belov'd, and love !

L. T. TO HER CÆOLIAN HARP.

HARP of the winds ! that magic tone
Can ne'er be all thine own ;
Oh no ! Some Spirit in thee hides,
And sends forth all those bland bewitching tides
Of melting harmony,
Which reascend the sky,
And, all too heavenly for enduring here,
Seek in celestial climes their proper sphere,
There making music meet for Seraph's ear.

Yes, it is gone! The sweetest sounds die first,
As fairest flowers fade soonest;
But, oh! again, sweet harp, thou tunest
Thy plaintive voice, by melancholy nurst.
Oh, what a note was there,
Long-drawn as Pity's sigh!
Yet must I ask thee to forbear,
Too deeply dost thou move my sympathy!
Pr'ythee, no more, or my full heart will burst!
For thou dost bring, before my streaming eye,
A sister, stretch'd upon her couch to die;
Ev'n thus her life did ebb, and ebb away,
In soft and slow decay;
And now her faint breath swell'd more audibly—
Then all grew silent. It was over! Fled
Was her pure spirit—It was I was dead!

W. B. 1816.

THE PROPHECY.

WELCOME to my magic cell,
Stranger, enter; I can tell

All the future ; it shall be,
If thou wilt, reveal'd to thee.
Now the spell of power is said,
Now the mystic rhyme is read,
Now within this crystal sphere
I gaze ;—alas, what forms are here ?
Nay—thou must not these forms behold,
'Twould freeze thy young blood wintry cold.
Enough when singly thou shalt see
Their stern and sad reality.
Together they would burst the chain,
That links frail reason to thy brain.
Listen then ! while I declare
All, that 'tis giv'n me to reveal ;
Listen, and thy soul prepare
For each extremity of ill.

I look along the shadow'd vale of life,
And ev'n myself half tremble at the view,
So dread, so dark, the turbulence and strife
Of Passions, which for aye their war renew.

Clutch'd by her soil'd, dishevell'd hair,
O'er prostrate Hope raves mad Despair,
Drives his poignard to her breast,
And drags her pale corse up and down,

Then sits in mockery of rest,
Gazing on it with fix'd frown.

Ah, I see, far off, appear
Terror in wild chace of Fear,
With a pack of hell-hounds grim,
They seize, they tear each quivering limb ;
But do not kill ; he cannot die !
They let him loose, again to fly !
O'er quaking cliff, o'er wild morass,
O'er pit and precipice, they pass,
Then seize the trembling wretch again,
Immortal in his piercing pain.

Pride is there, who, statue-like,
Stands erect, and will not bow ;
While Want and Poverty still strike
At his feet the deadly blow.
Malice and her thousand fiends
Cling, with twining arms, around,
While more gigantic Power attends
To force him, crush him to the ground.
He bends, he totters ! does he fall ?
No ; he stoops again to rise,
And, as a wave-girt citadel,
Baffles his frantic enemies.

And who is that I see recline
Sad beneath yon blasted pine?
A lovely form lies cold beside,
As if but yesternight it died.
His lips are glued to that pale corse
With passion's maddest, wildest, force.
Now he half draws back to gaze
With looks intense, then feebly lays
On that still breast his head once more,
And seems to pant convulsed all o'er.
Now he bursts his anguish'd trance,
Wilder grows his restless glance.
With indrawn lips, and eyes upturn'd,
And knitted brow, as if there burn'd
A fire within his heart and brain,
Of maddest, wildest, keenest, pain,
Writhing he heaves deep-labour'd sighs,
Then turns again his seeking eyes
On the lov'd clay, with stony stare,
As if his life were centred there.
Oh, who such height of woe could prove,
Or look such looks of soul, but Love?

What meagre phantom still doth urge,
Around yon tomb, his headlong course,

And plies, with unrelenting force,
On his own limbs, the cruel scourge,
Tracking his steps with blood,
With many a shriek and groan,
While Memory goads him on,
And swells the sanguine flood.
Oh is it not Remorse, who, o'er the grave
Of murder'd Innocence, doth wildly rave?

Melancholy, muttering curses,
Lost to all around, attends
Following a long train of heresies,
Whose charioteers are fiends.

Anguish writhes upon the ground,
Held by Fortitude in vain;
His head he dashes wildly round,
And gnaws his tongue for pain.*

Rage, Envy, Hatred, toss their snakes,
Now in fiercest conflict join,
While Strife his torch exulting shakes,
Then in more dreadful dance combine.

Woe is there, who pauses now,
Now starts forth with quicken'd pace,

* See Revelations, Chap. 16.

Fixes now his eyes below,
Then glances o'er all space,
Shakes his head, and wrings his hands,
Then like a moon-struck idiot moping stands.

Ha, he has dared to raise the veil !
Rash mortal, well may'st thou turn pale !
This it is with curious eye
To pierce th' unknown futurity.
Senseless now behold him fall,
Music only can recal
Thought or sense, again to him,
Whose life on charmed ground grows dim.
Hither, viewless Spirits, bring
Lute, and harp, and warbled string.
Hark, the notes are softly stealing,
And, their power of soul revealing,
See, light re-kindles in his eyes,
His cheek resumes its wonted dies.
Now he rises from the ground,
Yet still bewilder'd gazes round,
'Till all dissolves th' oblivious spell,
That held his senses. Now, farewell !
Thou, who hast turn'd the future's page,
Enter the world's tumultuous stage ;
There, learn what these dark shadows mean,
And prove what thou hast heard and seen !

CHILDHOOD.

I WONDER'D, in my childhood, that men should say to
me,
"This is thy season of delight, from care and trouble
free,
"And never can'st thou know such happiness again;"
It seem'd as if they mock'd my bosom's silent pain.

And often, when my cheeks with bitter tears were wet,
They cried, "Ah happy age, that weeps, and can for-
get!"

Their words were strange to me: how little did they
know

That I could feel a sense of deep, enduring woe!

Yet, as it is, I find they spoke but sooth,
And learn that manhood must be sad, ev'n after saddest
youth,

That sorrow has it's bliss, which after-years consume,
As ev'n the nightshade, in the blast, may lose it's vernal
bloom.

For, grant that tyrants frown, sweet childhood ! on thy
 reign,
And a spirit, touch'd too finely, turns all their frowns
 to pain,
The secret of thy joy their surest arrows miss,
'Tis innocence, that makes thy freshness and thy bliss.
Perhaps he mourns thee less, to whom thy mirth and
 play
Were as the shining lapse of one long summer-day ;
More lovely seem the wreaths, that bloom on ruin'd
 towers,
And brightest is the blue sky seen, when it severs
 thunder-showers.
O Memory, on my couch—when the wind's wild fingers
 grasp,
With the fury of a fiend, the rattling window-clasp—
Rock'd to thy dreams, reclin'd with sleepless eye,
I talk with thee, at midnight, of the days that are gone
 by !
And, when the clouds of Autumn, in their wildness as
 they roll,
With feeling, thought, and poetry, imbue my inmost
 soul,
I see thee in the cloud, I hear thee in the blast,
And muse myself to madness o'er the times for ever past.

But, oh, if Memory have a voice, it lately spoke to me,
When I heard the old school-clock, that chimes so
mournfully !

Each other voice may alter, but Time's doth still remain
Unchang'd and stern, as caring not for human joy or
pain.

I thought of the time, when first it's sullen tone
Came strange upon mine ear, as I sate and wept alone;
I thought of the time, when it knock'd against my heart,
As last I heard it, like a friend, from whom I griev'd
to part.

How oft it seem'd the knell of school-boy mirth and
glee,

How oft it seem'd the tongue of joy, when from toil it
set me free !

How bounded my heart, when it bade me seek once
more

The elm, I lov'd to climb, or the river's happy shore !

And still it had chim'd on in the interval between,
While I was wandering far away thro' many a changing
scene,

For others it had chim'd, altho' for me in vain,
As never—never more it shall sound to me again.

The things, that are around me now, all wild and fever'd
seem,

I sometimes think, they cannot be, they must be all a
dream ;

And shall I not awake, and find myself once more
Beneath the elm I lov'd, or beside the river's shore ?

Ah no ! These thoughts are dreams ; then rouse thee,
O my soul,

And, since the past is past, let the future be thy goal ;

And, if this life no more can give what once it gave,

There is a light from heaven, which shines upon the
grave !

ON LEAVING W. B.

O do not think without a pang I leave

Thy friendly roof, by tumult ne'er annoy'd !

O do not think I soon shall cease to grieve

O'er many a vanish'd pleasure, there enjoy'd !

From these fair scenes of hill, and vale, and grove,
(Fair as thy pencil, Poussin, ever drew)
Untir'd 'amid their varied sweets to rove,
My muse has cull'd full many a landscape new.

And pleas'd Remembrance many a cherish'd store
Hence to her sacred fortress has convey'd,
Where she full oft shall steal to count them o'er,
When sorrows threaten, or when cares invade.

No more at peep of day shall I arise,
Pleas'd from my window on the east to gaze,
And there to mark, amid the orient skies,
Each change of vesture that the morn displays.

Sometimes the crescent Moon with yellow light
Has deck'd her brow, while many a twinkling star,
Won from the empire of the vanquish'd night,
Has studded, mildly bright, her golden car.

Sometimes, in gradual tints, a rainbow zone,
O'er which no cloud its envious veil had spread,
Around her waist its orient hues has thrown,
Where deepest orange strove with vivid red.

And thou, fair Moon, whom I so oft have seen
Rise from thy couch with soft majestic grace,
Shew thy broad orb the crimson'd boughs between,
Or pensive travel o'er the realms of space.

Thro' that dear window shalt thou now in vain
For me, far-distant, pour thy silver beams,
There, on thee gazing, shall I ne'er again
Indulge in all the Muse's airy dreams.

No more when Winter's rude and surly strife,
At Spring's behest, has ceas'd to rave aloud,
And frozen Nature, starting into life,
Emblem of man, throws off her snowy shroud,

Adown the winding, wooded vale, unseen,
And lost in musing, shall I stray at noon,
To mark th' unfolding leaves' first, freshest green,
That fades, like youthful happiness, so soon.

Nor seek, my favourite haunt, the wild retreat,
Where winds the pathway with the winding stream,
Among the trees, whose jealous branches meet,
Shut out the world, and quench ev'n summer's beam.

Swift to the spot, on Fancy's wing convey'd,
I view its beauties vividly arise;
Oh, seize the faithful pencil, ere they fade,
Catch all their spirit, and arrest their dies!

Two trees, the portal of that quiet scene,
On either side the narrow pathway stand,
Frame of the lovely picture, caught between,
Where hills arise, and lengthening meads expand.

From trunk to trunk extends the simple stile,
The boundary of my rambles down the vale;
Where, tir'd with tracing many a sultry mile,
I sate, the fresh'ning coolness to inhale.

Across the stream, beside the shelving brink,
A garden, with its bosom'd cot, is seen,
Where herbs and flowers bend low, the wave to drink,
And tinge the waters with reflected green.

Like a Swiss cot the lowly dwelling seems,
With all its utensils about the door,
Its high-ridg'd roof, and rude projecting beams,
With bright green moss and houseleek mottled o'er.

Where all the varied hues, that Painting loves,
In lively contrast, yet harmonious, vie ;
Beyond, rise bowering trees, nor farther roves,
Check'd by their close-knit shade, the curious eye.

Ev'n the old whetstone, wild with weeds o'erspread,
The ancient fruit-trees, that, fantastic, throw
Their twining arms above the grass-grown shed,
A rustic charm, an added grace, bestow.

Not far beyond, form'd of a single plank,
Propp'd at each end by rudely-shapen stave,
A narrow bridge unites each grassy bank,
And throws its image on the passing wave.

And to the right, between the tangled boughs,
Low-sunk, and parted from its parent stream,
A rivulet is sparkling, as it flows,
Betray'd, alone, by fitful diamond gleam.

The rude stone-steps, down which the cottage-maid
Descends so oft, to dip her brimming pail,
Complete the rural scene ; it is portray'd,
And pleas'd each faithful lineament I hail.

No more, when Autumn strips the leafy shade,
My pensive way, slow-musing, shall I take,
Beneath the willow's arching colonnade,
Where the swol'n stream expands into a lake.

The noisy forge, into the clear blue sky
Throws up its smoky column, streaming far,
With many a ruddy spark, ascending high,
Quench'd in a moment, like a glancing star.

The wild-duck, seldom from its haunt allur'd,
Where rose the tree-crown'd island on the wave,
The shallow punt, among the rushes moor'd,
Peculiar wildness to the landscape gave.

No more, when Winter shews his fiercest frown,
Pleas'd shall I walk, while Fancy takes her fill,
Above the ancient wood, that slopes adown
The steep descent of the retiring hill.

There gaze into each dark and deep recess,
Where the tall oaks, in naked grandeur, tower;
Nor seem to need their summer's leafy dress,
To form a woven and impervious bower.

Where the fall'n leaves their yellow carpet spread,
Or the low holly shews its lively green,
And elves and sprites, by fairy minstrels led,
To Fancy's eye, oft trip the sylvan scene.

The blustering winds, which could not reach me there,
Check'd, and imprison'd in the gloomy glades,
Made wild and solemn music to mine ear,
As of the Genii of the lonely shades.

Here could I bound my hopes, forget my fears,
And, calmly, glide on life's most tranquil stream,
Unmindful of the quiet lapse of years,
Books all my world, and Nature all my theme.

But Virtue dwells not, though of peaceful mind,
With dreaming indolence, or slothful ease;
She spreads her sail, exulting, to the wind,
And braves the conflict of tempestuous seas.

Then fare thee well, my haven of repose,
A long, perchance, a last farewell to thee!
"The world is all before me, where to choose,"
But thou, alas, art Eden, still, to me!

A TRUE INCIDENT.

WAVENEY, our bark had glided down thy stream,
And now was anchor'd on thy peaceful lake,
Cloudless the sky, and bright the western beam,
When, hark, upon the ear, what thunders break ?
It was stern ocean, near yet unbeheld,
Which on its shore with ceaseless murmur swell'd.

'Twas a strange contrast ; all so calm around,
Heav'n, earth, and water, smiling and serene,
While still that restless, fluctuating sound
Struck the one discord to th' harmonious scene ;
And still we lov'd our tranquil lake the more,
For the wild contrast of that ocean's roar.

Oh, thus, however near the world's wild sea,
On the calm current of domestic joy,
May the smooth lapse of all my voyage be,
Where ruder waves can reach not, nor destroy ,
Where, anchor'd safe, their rage I may endure,
And only hear their sound, to feel myself secure.

Lowestoff, August, 1817.

HYMN TO NATURE.

Translated partly from the Pastor Fido, of Guarini.

HAIL, ye lone scenes, and silent woods,
Of Peace the only true abodes :
Oh, with what willing haste, my feet
Seek, again, your lov'd retreat !
Were I my own, I would not leave
Your shades, for all the world could give.
To the soul, that wisdom fills,
Riches are but splendid ills ;
Of true wealth, he has the least,
Whose coffer'd stores are most increas'd :
Of true wealth, he owns the most,
Who recks the least of pomp and cost.
These true riches cannot be,
But the snares of liberty.
What avails, in youth's green years,
All that dazzles, yet not cheers ;
What, the long ancestral line,
Titles, honours, half divine ;

All that the noisy tongue of Fame,
In men's ears, can most proclaim ;
All that heav'n and earth can yield,
Boundless plain, and smiling field,
Fruitful meadows, where at will
Feed the flocks more fruitful still ;
If, 'midst all that these impart,
Sad and lonely, sigh the heart ?
Happier they, who, tho' they be
Poor, yet feel not poverty,
Rich amply in themselves alone,
And all they have indeed their own ;
Whose guileless pleasures none reprove,
Whom grandeur ne'er forbids to love.
O Life's sweet reality,
Which knows not, before death, to die,
(The living death that Woe endures,)
Oh, might I change my lot with yours !
For, ah my simple heart, to me
Nature is true luxury !
More dear to me yon purple heath,
Than Splendor's gayest, richest wreath ;
More sweet the breeze, that sweeps the broom,
Than all Arabia's soft perfume ;
More fair, the dew-drop, on its stems,
Than bright Golconda's diamond gems ;

What Tyrian robe can match in die
The purple of yon western sky ?
What loom supply the carpet spread
O'er verdant vale, and flowery mead ?
Then, since Nature, without cost,
Gives all that Wealth herself can boast,
Without the tears that Wealth must weep,
Let me true to Nature keep ;
Court her in the early dawn,
Ere Aurora's curtains drawn
To the prying Sun betray
Where my devious footsteps stray ;
Lie with her in secret bower,
When Noon has climb'd his topmost tower.
But, chief, at evening, o'er the wild,
Be my lonely thoughts beguiled
To hold sweet converse with her then,
Far from the dying hum of men ;
And, as home I wend my way,
To trace the parting steps of day,
While, amid the east afar,
Shines, palely clear, Night's earliest star.
How delicate the blushing die,
That tints the clouds along the sky !
There the bat disporting mark,
Contrasted by it's pinions dark,

Wheeling in many a circle light,
As if some merry, pigmy sprite
Were, on free and frolic wing,
With the breezes gambolling :
While that peculiar darkness spreads
About the trees' umbrageous heads,
Whose outlines most distinct appear,
Seen against the horizon clear.
Nor, when midnight's solemn gloom
O'erspreads my solitary room,
Will I cease to talk with thee,
Nature, lovely still to me.
Thou my rising soul shalt bring
To thy heav'n-enthroned king,
From whose hands thy beauteous frame,
In all it's bright perfection, came.
Then, with orisons to Him,
Sleep shall o'er mine eyelids swim ;
Tho' to thee inscribed these lays,
His alone the genuine praise!

TO MUSIC.

O MUSIC, what I owe to thee,
They—they alone—can tell,
Who have, in sorrow, proved, like me,
Thy soul-commanding spell !

I thank thee for forgotten woes,
Or joy's recover'd gleams,
For lulling Fancy to repose,
Or prompting her sweet dreams.

When thou hast chased the clouds of woe,
And the glad smile appears,
Thine be my gratitude—but, oh,
I thank thee most for tears !

TO THE WINDS.

O YE wild winds, that rave around,
And shake the tree, and sweep the hill ;
I love your feeling, and your sound,
Ye suit a spirit wilder still,
And Fancy has her tresses cast
More loosely on your billowy blast.

Oh, that ye whiten'd now the wave,
And rapidly impell'd the sail,
Which bore me to some lonely cave,
On some far shore sweet Peace to hail !
I wish to fly—I know not where—
But restless are thy thoughts, Despair !

Oh, that with that resistless force,
Which shakes the earth, and rives the main,
Ye could uproot deep—deep Remorse,
And whelm the wrecks of woe and pain ;
Hurl Memory from her tyrant throne,
And leave what childhood loved alone !

Once, gaily mingling with your flight,
I met you on the mountain's brow :
How different is the stern delight,
Which aches along my bosom now :
Child of Despair—by Anguish nurst,
Because I know, and bear the worst !

I revel in your fierce unrest,
I send my soul among yon clouds,
Which ye are driving o'er the west,
Where the low sun his radiance shrouds,
And there strange visions wildly shape—
Yet would not from myself escape.

I will not stoop to self-deceit,
Nor back from lonely moments shrink,
Nor thought, nor memory, strive to cheat ;
As if I did not dare to think ;
Tho' lost, I would be all my own—
Tho' wretched, I would be alone.

I will not fly, like meaner minds,
From all I am, to crowds and mirth ;
Streams, rocks, and wilds, and you, ye winds,
Shall give my loftier pleasures birth,
And Nature, in past hours, my bliss,
Shall be my comforter in this.

LINES,

Written in the first leaf of a pocket book for the year.

OH, how unlike the gift I bring,
Is that deep love, which bids me give !
One scarce shall see another spring,
The other life itself outlive.

A year shall see it thrown aside,
Its transitory uses done,
All simile is here denied,
At least, I hope, that *you* find none.

Soon, will be read its few brief words,
Its pages scrawl'd o'er every part,
But love, still, somewhat new affords
To read and write within the heart.

This, form'd to measure time, alone,
The other cannot measur'd be,
But shall, when hours and years are flown,
Run even with eternity.

THE SAME.

HERE chronicle thy joys ; but think, the while,
How false and fleeting Pleasure's gayest smile :
Here calendar thy woes ; yet kiss the rod,
All things are good to those that love their God.
As Time is short, it's joys and woes despise,
As Time is short, oh, seize it, as it flies !

SOLITUDE, SOMETIMES, IS BEST SOCIETY.

Milton.

ALONE—at length alone ! and nothing now
With me but God and Nature !—Far behind
Lies the tumultuous city. There rude Mirth
Is dissonant—the drunkenness of Woe—
The laugh of Madness. There sits squalid Want,
Mock'd at by o'erfed Plenty. There the eye
Wanders from face to face, and reads in most
The man degraded into brute—the grin
Of idiot vacancy—the darken'd mien,
Tablet to many crimes, or sear'd by them
Into a blank, a horrible erasure
Of mind and feeling. Hatred's sullen scowl,

The apathy of listless Indolence,
The storm of Passion, or the sculk of Fear.
Behind are these. Forget them, O my soul !
Before me—what? Oh, now all language fails,
Yet give me words, or my full heart will burst !
A thousand—thousand struggling thoughts contend
For utterance. Yonder sinks the glorious Sun,
Dilated into more magnificence,
Than when he triumphs on the tower of noon.
Robed in a purple zone, regal, he sinks,
Like Cæsar, proud and matchless in his fall.
From the bright west streams one continuous cloud,
Ev'n to the farthest east ; of rainbow form,
Yet borrowing but one hue—the rosy dye—
From yonder orb. Behold, it spans the heavens,
A bridge uniting the opposing poles,
As if for Seraphim thereon to lead
Their chariots and bright cohorts. The white Moon
Oval, glides on beside it, enters now,
And veils her face behind the blushing shade.
And this is Solitude : Oh, how misnamed !
A thousand airy voices are around me,
And hold more true communion with my soul
Than the unmingling intercourse of speech.
O Solitude, thou art most dear to him,
Who, loathing the vile tumult of the world,

And all it's heartless, cold, dull, nothingness,
Yet never found, among the sons of men,
A heart—a spirit like unto his own.
He loves thee better than the best of life ;
Thy blending shadows fill the dreary void,
Which to his soul the world's broad glare betrays,
As even rocks, wild heaths, and barren plains,
Look scarcely sterile in the moon's soft light.
When, glad escaping from the multitude,
The last faint murmur of it's noisy stir
Dies on his ear, he hails thee with such joy,
As lovers the belov'd : to thee he tells
What to no other ear he dares impart,
Thoughts, feelings, wishes, few can understand,
How few have ever felt ! Now unconstrain'd
His bosom seems unshackled from the chain
It ever wears among the formal crowd :
He lives, he breathes, and Fancy plumes her wing,
Which late hung drooping, like the captive dove's.
Sweet nurse of thought—parent of virtue pure,
He fondly calls thee, and, with grateful zeal,
Sings pensive ditties in thy gentle praise.
He thinks upon thee, 'till thy form appears
Distinct, self-shadow'd to his vision'd eye,
And thou assum'st substantial life and being,
No more the coinage of a feverish brain.

Within the twilight of the chequer'd grove,
Where meeting trees a fitting temple form,
He views the goddess, at whose shrine he bends.
Comtemplative she stands; her eyes half-raised,
Nor fix'd on earth, nor wholly lost in heav'n;
Tho', as a vestal's, white her spotless robe,
A tender shadow dwells along it's folds.
Tho' calm her brow, upon it meekly sits
Such chasten'd woe, as if, subdued by time,
It gently sank to resignation there.

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

Written at that period.

“ All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office;—
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse.”

Shakespeare. Romeo and Juliet.

HIGH is Hope's cheek with warm expectance flush'd,
In mute expectance Britain's isles are hush'd,

And only wait the joyful news to raise
Grateful to heav'n the loud acclaim of praise,
As, wrapt in night, the woodland's tuneful throng
Await the morn, to pour the general song.

“To-morrow truce to toil, farewell to care ;

“To-morrow gives the ocean-queen an heir.”

That morrow comes. Ah, where the jocund din,
Which should it's welcome light have usher'd in?

Hark, on the ear what sullen measures swell !

All hearts beat quick and fearful—'Tis a knell !

O England's Love, can this be toll'd for thee?

The heart distrusting cries, “it cannot be !”

Awaking, each appears the loss to find

Of somewhat in his heart of hearts enshrined ;

As once, in Egypt's land, the morning light

Reveal'd the fearful ravage of the night,

Not in thy dwelling Death has trod alone,

Each seems to trace his footsteps in his own.

Oh, thou wert not imperious raised on high

Above the reach of human sympathy !

Thy splendors did not dazzle. Grandeur drew

No veil to shade thee from the public view ;

But ever dwelt before our raptured eyes

Thy life—thy love—thy calm domestic joys.

Known to the meanest, by the best approved,

Revered, yet, ah, far less revered than loved,

Nor, such our strong affection, could we know
How dearly—deeply—'till we felt the blow.
Eyes, that ne'er wept, in tears thy loss deplore,
And hearts feel now, that never felt before.
Oh, thine were virtues language would make less,
And mar the excellence it would express ;
With no rash footstep dares the muse invade
The hallow'd sanctuary where thou art laid,
Nor o'er thy tomb, with zeal mistaken, strive
To heap that incense, thou abhorr'dst alive.
Let fulsome Flattery pour the sickly strain
O'er the vile relics, she can ne'er profane,
But simple flowers alone 'tis meet to spread
Above the ashes of the high-soul'd dead.
The orphan's wild lament—the widow's tear,
Proclaim thy virtues, while they grace thy bier,
And speak thy praise more eloquently well,
Than all that sculpture, or that verse, can tell ;
While, should these fail, retir'd from mortal eye,
Thy deeds are written, where they cannot die.
And still, in one sad bosom's lonely gloom,
Thy dear remembrance finds a living tomb.
Oh, if *we* weep, with grief so wild and keen,
Her, whom we view'd from far, or loved unseen,
If ev'n the cold their woe cannot controul,
What must thou feel, the partner of her soul?

Yet, while thy heart thus bleeds, in sunder rent,
Deem not in vain the chast'ning Angel sent.
Heav'n dooms perchance this agonizing strife
Thy bliss eternal, and her death thy life,
As oft, from vernal skies, the heavy shower,
Which crushes one, matures some hardier flower.
But Resignation pauses still between,
While Sorrow whispers all, that might have been.
Oh, when of Britain's pride and boast bereft,
Had to our dawning hopes her babe been left,
Our bitter tears had sooner ceas'd to run,
As dews exhale before the mounting sun.
Yet hush, prefer not ev'n this fond complaint,
Heav'n took the infant more to bless the Saint,
And crown the measure of her joys above
With the full rapture of a mother's love.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE KING.

“ ——— So many great
Illustrious spirits have convers’d with woe,
Have in her school been taught, as are enough
To consecrate distress.”

Thomson.

BELLS toll for peasants, and we heed them not ;
But when proclaiming that the nobler die,
Rous’d by the grandeur of their lofty lot,
Musing we listen—moralizing, sigh.

Such knells have now a dull, familiar sound ;
Oh ! that which spoke worst woe to Albion’s isle,
More unaccustom’d flung its murmurs round,
Chill’d the warm heart, and stole the gayest smile.

We cannot grieve alike o’er youth and age :
Thee, loveliest scion of the royal tree,
We mourn’d in anguish time could scarce assuage ;
We wept—and, oh ! not only wept for thee !

Survivors claim'd the bitterest of our tears ;
And we had sorrows that were all our own ;
We, who had cherish'd hopes for future years,
Too long indulg'd, too soon, alas ! o'erthrown.

But thee, the age-worn monarch of these realms,
Thyself survivor of each dearest tie,
We mourn not with the sorrow that o'erwhelms,
But with the silent tear of memory.

It is not now the blossom in its prime,
Torn in fresh vigour from its parent root,
Scatt'ring on vernal gales, before its time,
The golden promise of expected fruit ;

It is the Oak, once monarch of the glade,
That lives again in many a circling tree,
Itself, all branchless, sapless, and decay'd,
Bows to its full, completed destiny.

Thy sun was not eclips'd in sudden night,
But ran its course, and slowly verging set ;
Preparing shadows had involv'd its light,
And stol'n the poignant anguish of regret.

To spare worse pangs than ever madness proved,
That friendly darkness of the mind was given,
That thou might'st never mourn the fondly-loved,
Nor know them lost on earth, till met in heaven.

Yet lingering sadness in our hearts is found,
'Tis still a pensive thought that all is past;
"Farewell" is ever of a mournful sound,
Part when we may, 'tis parting still, at last.

We thought not on thy life, nor mourn'd thy death,
But death hath now recall'd thy life once more,
And the last pang, that drew thy parting breath,
Seem'd to our hearts thy image to restore.

We muse on all thou wert, and tears will start,
When shall we see so good, so great again?
But wherefore ponder not on what thou art,
High o'er this brief abode of woe and pain?

Oh! what a glorious change from dark to light,
From double darkness of the soul and eye,
When thy freed spirit spread its wings for flight!
To thee 'twas death to live, 'tis life to die.

To thee ! it is to all, whose anchor'd faith
Enters beyond Death's transient veil of gloom ;
But oh ! how perfect was thy living death,
Who wert thyself thine own unjoyous tomb !

Those darken'd eyes no more obstruct the day,
That mind no more spurns Reason's blest controul,
Far from its ruin'd tenement of clay,
All eye, all reason, soars the happy soul.

Dull are those ears no more, but raptur'd, share
Notes far from Earth's best harmony remov'd ;
But oh ! of all the heavenly music there,
Is not the sweetest, every voice belov'd ?

Say, as the hour of blissful death drew nigh,
Did not around thy couch bright angels stand,
Reveal'd in vision to thy mental eye,
And sweetly whisper—" Join our kindred band !"

" Leave thy poor crown of earth, whose every gem
Was but the dew-drop glittering on the thorn ;
For thee ev'n now, a brighter diadem,
Cluster'd with beams, by seraph hands is borne.

“ That crown not less domestic virtues twine,
Than patriot Faith, unsullied, unsubdued,
Which never purchas'd at Ambition's shrine,
A nation's glory, with a nation's good.

“ Come, where, beyond the portals of the grave,
The lov'd, the lost, to thy embraces press !
Come, where a Saviour, who has died to save,
Lives, loves, and reigns, eternally to bless !”

SONGS,

AND

LYRICAL PIECES.

2010

1000



I DID BUT LEAVE THEE YESTERDAY.

I DID but leave thee yesterday,
And yet we meet, as parted long,
And have a thousand things to say,
Which to the lips in tumult throng.

Oh, colder hearts might parted be
For years, yet never feel the same,
The half-unutter'd extasy,
Which fires the soul, and thrills the frame.

But, ah, we part—no more for hours—
But days—weeks, months—perhaps for years ;
We do not weep ; despair, like ours,
Must melt to sorrow, ere to tears.

The first pang is not parting's sting,
Anguish half seems itself to cure ;
The long, long hours of absence bring
The pain, I shudder to endure :

That hopelessness—that weariness—
That frightful chasm in the heart,
Where somewhat heavy seems to press,
Which will not break it, or depart.
When each employment, varied still,
Is but a change from grief to grief,
When each new hour brings some new ill,
But never—never brings relief!

IF, IN ENCHANTER'S SHADOWY HALL.

IF, in Enchanter's shadowy hall,
I stood, endued with power to call,
Before my view, one form, alone,
Of all that live in every clime,
Or e'er have liv'd in elder time,
And hold high converse, 'till one hour was flown;
What god—what hero of old days,
Say, should I summon to my gaze?
What charms that set the world on fire?
Or, with what voice of eloquence,

Should I delight my tranced sense,
 Or with what deathless poet's heav'n-strung lyre?
 What living wonder should arise,
 To soothe mine ear, or greet mine eyes,
 What victor, beauty, bard, or king?
 Alas, the widow'd heart would turn,
 Sick'ning, from these, and coldly spurn
 All that their fame, or charms, or wit, could bring.
 Could these give pleasure to the eye,
 That pines, one object to descry?
 These the lone ear to rapture move,
 For which earth holds but one dear voice,
 Whose tones could bid it now rejoice?
 Oh, answer for me, ye, who truly love!
 Oh, thou, whom, night and day, I mourn,
 Far from my sight too rudely torn,
 Yet never parted from my soul;
 Impatient, I would ask to see
 Thee—thee, alone; none—none but thee,
 Ev'n though I died of joy, beyond controul!

IT WAS A WINTER'S EVENING.

It was a winter's evening,
When a beauteous maid I met,
The heav'ns were rosy beaming
With the sun, that had lately set ;
But, oh, her cheek was of lovelier die
Than ev'n those roses of the sky !

The snow was glittering brightly,
As o'er it she tript, so fleet,
That scarce she left on it, lightly,
The print of her little feet,
And still her cheek look'd fresh and fair,
Beside the snow, that sparkled there.

One star, in the west, was shining,
But I turn'd from the realms of space,
To gaze on the beams, combining
Their lustre, in her face ;
And there a sister-star could spy,
In the blue heaven of her eye.

One soft, dark cloud was braiding
Its waves with the golden gleams,
That along the west were fading,
Like Fancy's fairy dreams;
And in her locks, I could behold
Such soft dark braids—such tints of gold.

From Spring I may not borrow
Charms more akin to thee,
For I sing in despair and sorrow,
Thou art wintry cold to me!
Yet even Winter shews thee fair,
Oh, how much more than others are!

CONSTANCY.

LET love burn with fiercest flame,
If to more than one it fly,
'Tis not worthy of the name :
The crown of love is constancy!

Let love still adore the same,
If it fade with cheek or eye,
'Tis not worthy of the name :
The crown of love is constancy !

Let it be love, no force can tame,
If absent, it burn less than nigh,
'Tis not worthy of the name :
The crown of love is constancy !

Give me the love, whose faithful aim
Can absence, change, and time, defy ;
This is worthy of the name—
This is crown'd with constancy !

SWIFT, TO CLIMES OF BRIGHTER DAY.

SWIFT, to climes of brighter day,
Where the warmer breezes play,
Fly with me—fly with me !
Where the dark-brow'd Alps, impending,
Frowns with Nature's smiles are blending,
Fly with me—fly with me !

We will scale their beetling brows—
We will brush their printless snows,
Merrily—merrily;
Then, to gentler vales descending,
Roam, by brook or forest wending,
Peacefully—peacefully!

Tir'd of all, I see around,
Oh, to break each hated bond,
Rapidly—rapidly!
From foes, false friends, and tumult, flying,
With thee alone I'd live; and, dying,
Smile on thee—smile on thee!

WRITTEN TO SUIT A BEAUTIFUL AIR.

NEVER more, then, shall I see thee,
Nor hear thy voice again!
This the torture, that consumes me,
And still recurs with endless pain.

What joy, when hope is gone,
Alas, hath ever shone !

Dreary, still, from night to morning,
 Drag on the sleepless hours ;
Weary, still, from morn 'till evening,
 Roam I amid the lonely bowers,
Where once with thee, I stray'd ;
And now with Memory's shade.

BLEEDING HEART—BLEEDING HEART.

BLEEDING heart—bleeding heart,

What, oh, what can cure thee ?

Bleeding heart—bleeding heart,

Who can calm endure thee ?

Bleeding heart—bleeding heart,

Why so slowly bleeding ?

With drop, by drop, condemn'd to part,

The vampyre, Sorrow, feeding.

Why not gather all thy woes
Into one full river,
And as wildly forth it flows,
Burst—and rest for ever?

THERE WAS A TIME, WHEN ALL
THINGS SMILED.

THERE was a time, when all things smiled
Beneath gay youth's enchanted reign;
And barren heath, and wintry wild
Seem'd cheerful, as the vernal plain.

But, now, when peace and hope are fled,
And youthful innocence beguil'd,
The vocal grove—the flowery mead
Seem cheerless as the wintry wild.

WHEN, WITH DEEP DESPAIR.

WHEN, with deep despair,
Hearts are torn, and riven,
What is sorrow's prayer?
To die—and be forgiven!

When dark deeds deny
Peace, to souls unshriyen,
What is guilt's wild cry?
To die—and be forgiven!

When, from all they love,
Hearts are rudely driven,
What the hope, they prove?
To die—and be forgiven!

ON LOSING A HEART'S-EASE.

A HEART'S-EASE from thee, who hast robb'd me of rest,
Was a gift, that I, fain, had prophetic believ'd;
It's meaning, that thou should'st restore, to my breast,
The peace, of which thou hast its inmate bereav'd.

But vainly the gift thou on me didst bestow,
It was stolen, by some spirit malign, from my bower;
Still seems it decreed, that no peace I should know,
Nor ev'n keep its emblem, exprest in a flower.

Each other gay flower, which thy garden adorns,
Thou may'st give, without fear that from me it
should stray;
The roses remain, with their sweets and their thorns;
But the heart's-ease, for ever, is vanish'd away.

I KNOW THEE, NOW.

I know thee, now, yet cannot tear
Thine image from my breast ;
In virtue's spite, it lingers there,
A fear'd, yet cherish'd guest.

So, the poor moth can ne'er retire,
Which once the taper burns ;
He thought it light, and found it fire,
Yet, ev'n in death, returns.

SONG OF THE SEA-NYMPHS.

FAR from the realms of air,
In the coral groves we dwell,
And our gardens are deck'd with the sea-weed rare,
And our home is the pearly shell.

When the moon is softly bright,
 The rippling tide we stem,
 And 'tis we, who draw the line of light,
 Round the horizon's hem.

In the wake of the glancing boat,
 We sport, where the wave is riven,
 Round the foam of the oar in brightness float,
 Like stars, o'er the ocean's heaven.

When the storm is raging loud,
 And down sinks the bark in the wave,
 Of sea-weed we weave the sailor's shroud,
 And dig deep his sandy grave :

Or to warn him, ere the shock
 Stifle his dying groan,
 We kindle a flame, on the cold barren rock,
 Where earthly flame never shone:

When bright is the western blaze,
 Where Phœbus his goal has won,
 We wed the waves to his golden rays,
 The bridal of sea and sun.

Mortal, our life is sweet ;
Would'st thou be blest, as we,
From the turmoil and stir of the world retreat,
And dwell by the lonely sea !

THE FAIRIES' SONG.

THE Moon is rising from the hill,
Between the dark trees streaming ;
The sky is clear, and the winds are still,
And the stars are brightly beaming.
And, hark, the Nightingale
Begins his varied song ;
How sweetly, thro' the vale,
His numbers float along !
Oh, who dull sleep would chuse,
On such a night as this ;
What heart could e'er refuse
To wake—and wake to bliss ?

Chorus.

Then, let us, in the moonlight,
Trip it o'er the green,

Till, fled the shades of midnight,
Morn's first blush be seen !

Sweet Moon, far lovelier is thy light,
Than day's broad, gaudy splendor ;
Thy modest beams are not so bright,
But, oh, more soft—more tender !
And, Nightingale, more sweet
That lonely lay of thine,
Than when, the dawn to greet,
Ten thousand birds combine.
Let mortals toil, in vain,
Beneath the eye of day ;
Be ours to hear thy strain,
And dance the night away !

Chorus.

• Then let us, in the moonlight,
Trip it o'er the green,
For, chasing friendly midnight,
Morn will soon be seen !

SONG OF THE SPIRITS OF EVENING.

—

THE sun is sinking in the deep,
We will sing him to his sleep.
Gently touch the magic shell,
Softly sing—farewell, farewell !
Hark, the distant echoes swell,
Once again—farewell, farewell !
Along the east, the clouds move slow,
And settle there, like Alps of snow ;
Now they catch the setting beam,
Brightly, see, their red peaks gleam !
Thither will we fly, and leap
From aërial steep to steep.
Not the huntsman, when he bounds
Blithely, with his horn and hounds,
O'er the glacier's frozen sea,
Shall more blithely bound than we.
The Alpine clouds fast melt away
Into the cold sky's kindred grey ;
Let us haste, for, when they vanish,
Quickly Night our train will banish.

Now, farewell, oh, glorious sun,
 Thy toils are o'er, thy race is run!
 Thou hast sunk on ocean's breast;
 We have sung thee to thy rest;
 Hark, the distant echoes swell,
 Once again—farewell—farewell!



THE FISHERMAN'S RETURN.



FAR—far away o'er the western sea,
 Where that long line of light looks pale,
 My child, thy father's bark I see,
 Oh, swiftly may she sail!

I know her by the streamer red,
 That flutters from the mast,
 Which still he promis'd me to spread;
 Returning home at last.

But, look, the winds, the waves, arise,
 And the streak of light is gone,
 And wild, o'er the darkly alter'd skies,
 The clouds drive thickly on.

I see, I see the lightnings gleam !

I pant—I die with fear !

Oh, is it not ?—it is a scream,

That strikes upon mine ear !

Oh, save him—save him !—He is saved !

Wet with the salt sea tide,

The raging billows he has brav'd,

And now is at her side.

How sweet is rapture after fear !

“ Welcome, welcome, thou,

My bosom's dearest—but how dear

I never knew 'till now !”

SONG, WRITTEN TO SUIT A WILDLY-
BEAUTIFUL GERMAN AIR.

WHEN wild winds are swelling
Around my lone dwelling,

Like spirits, that talk to the dull ear of Night;
When the Moon, thro' her clouds, sheds a dim, sickly
light,
And the trav'ler, bewilder'd, hears, wild with affright,
The fiend of the tempest loud yelling;

Oh, then, slowly stealing,
Their forms half-concealing,
Thro' the gloom airy shadows of past days come nigh,
And Mem'ry's own voice seems to speak in each sigh
Of the deep-sobbing blast, that moans fitfully by,
Sad tales of past sorrow revealing.

My lone watch thus keeping,
While mortals are steeping
In the soft dews of slumber each care of the mind,
How oft at thy side, lonely mourner, reclin'd,
In silence I grieve, to thy visions resign'd,
O'er the grave of past happiness weeping.

SONG OF A FEMALE INDIAN SLAVE,
SEPARATED FROM HER LOVER.

OH, ye, who thus tear me away,
Your cruelty triumphs in vain,

Ye may hold us asunder by day,
But sleep shall unite us again!
These poor fragile mansions of clay
For a while to your bonds are resign'd,
But, lords of the body, oh say,
Possess ye a chain for the mind?

And could ye ev'n fetter the soul,
While life still detains me a slave,
Oh, say, in your tyrant control,
Can ye bind the release of the grave?
Beyond that impassable goal
Your cruelty cannot extend,
And the hour when my death-knell shall toll,
Your reign and my sorrows shall end.

And he, whom afar you convey,
For a while from my desolate sight,
Shall be mine in that last welcome day,
When his spirit shall take its free flight;
Then ye, who thus tear me away,
Your cruelty triumphs in vain,
For, divide us thro' life as ye may,
'Tis death shall unite us again.

And thou, who once could'st love, but now
 Art dead—ah, worse than dead to me !
 One hour shall from thy thoughts efface
 That I have been, or ceased to be.

These eyes meet thine, but read no more
 The answer, they were wont to give,
 And time has shewn them skill'd to wound,
 As once too practised to deceive.

Ah, if my death could wring one tear
 From that changed heart and alter'd eye,
 How gladly could I lay me down,
 And die, and think it bliss to die !

But no ! Love's once-extinguish'd fires
 Can ne'er their former warmth regain ;
 As embers mouldering into dust,
 Can never—never burn again.

THE SAME.

THE love, I proffer'd, was a gem,
Unknown in caves of sea or earth,
And monarch's regal diadem
Could bring no peer to match it's worth.

Is it to boast I tell thee this?
Or is it that I would upbraid?
Oh no! but, when our dreams of bliss
From Fancy's airy colouring fade,

The heart will speak, and oh! I feel
That now it does but speak in sooth,
And ask but thine, it will reveal
The same, if it but whisper truth.

Many, perhaps, may smile with thee,
But, say, does Love those smiles impart?
And some may weep—but not like me,
Whose tears sprang warmly from the heart.

Think'st thou on me ? Where'er I rove,
By forest, glen, or rill,
I ask of trembling, doubting love
The anxious question still.

Think'st thou on me ? Oh, if thou heed
No more love's broken tie,
Let me expire, before I read
That answer in thine eye !

THOU SAY'ST MINE EYES HAVE LOST
THE LIGHT.

THOU say'st mine eyes have lost the light,
Which told of youthful joy and peace ;
Oh, when the soul becomes less bright,
It's outward radiance too will cease !

Yet none, save thou, the change behold ;
It was reserved for thee alone
That bosom's secrets to unfold,
Which so responds to all thine own.

Oh, we have read each other's face
In joy—in grief—in peace—in care—
"Till not a passion's lightest trace,
Unseen, could shine, or darken there!

WHEN ALL, THAT ONCE SEEM'D GOOD,
OR FAIR.

WHEN all, that once seem'd good, or fair,
Grows vile and loathsome in my view,
When vows are held as light as air,
Tho' heav'n were call'd to prove them true ;

When memory is from thought estranged,
The past all vanish'd from my ken,
The essence of my being changed,
I may forget—but not 'till then !

OH, WERE WE SIDE BY SIDE TO STAND.

OH, were we side by side to stand
Amid the battle's line,
The shafts of war must pierce my heart,
Before they reach'd to thine !

Or were a sword above my head,
My life at once to end,
Unless I sign'd thy doom of death,
Oh, quick let it descend !

Or were we in a dungeon's gloom,
And freedom might be mine,
That dungeon still should be my tomb,
If it were also thine !

Or, were we sunk in drifting snows,
My breast thy couch should be ;
I'd fold thee round—thou should'st not die,
While life remain'd in me.

NOT YET, MY SOUL.

Not yet, my soul, look back to view
The rapturous joys, that late were thine,
By time untouch'd, their brilliant hue
Would now too brightly, keenly shine.

Contrasted with the vivid scene,
How dark would seem the present hour,
As, where the lightning's path has been,
Th' impending clouds more deeply low'r.

When Time's soft twilight, stealing on,
Has shed subdued a mellow ray ;
When all the grief of grief is flown,
Then turn—and gaze thyself away !

But, should too much the colours fade,
Too quickly lose their wonted fire,
Fond Memory then shall lend her aid,
Nor let one cherish'd trace expire.

SHOULD CLOUDS CONCEAL OUR BEACON-STAR.

SHOULD clouds conceal our beacon-star,
My soul in kindred darkness mourns,
For then, to hail it's light from far,
No eye beloved, in fondness, turns :

Or thou perchance it's beams may'st see,
Thro' purer skies, unclouded shine,
But they, alas, are veil'd from me,
Nor gaze these eyes on what meets thine.

But Love some solace still can find,
Some rapture from his fancies win,
And, if to outward objects blind,
Can turn to view a world within.

He whispers, that an answering sigh
Is wrung from thy responsive soul,
As thou too, o'er the darken'd sky,
Behold'st the envious vapors roll ;

And thus that grief a kindred tone
Does to each mourning breast impart,
And tune to nearer unison
The chords of each congenial heart.

But, should each other solace flee,
There yet remains a sweet relief,
To know thy thoughts are fix'd on me,
If bright with joy, or dark with grief.

OH, THAT THINE ARM WERE LOCK'D
IN MINE.

OH, that thine arm were lock'd in mine,
As, musing on the pebbled shore,
I mark the sun's last glories shine,
And on the deep it's radiance pour!

Wherever turn my wandering feet,
Whatever scenes of bliss I see,
I think how more than doubly sweet
The joys they give, if shared with thee.

Thus Pleasure, on whose treacherous wing
 Affections light, and vain depart,
 But serves in brighter hues to bring
 Thy image to this changeless heart.

AS, AT THE EARLY BREAK OF DAWN.

As, at the early break of dawn,
 Sooth'd by the billows' ceaseless roar,
 Alone, and lost in fancy's dreams,
 I stray'd along the winding shore,
 My thoughts, afar from shore, or sea,
 Oh, best-beloved, took wing to thee!

And, as a sadly-pleasing train
 Of mournful recollections rose,
 (For Memory, skilful as the bee,
 Extracts a honey, ev'n from woes)
 I traced, with half-unconscious hand,
 Thy name upon the silver sand.

Again th' unheeding tide shall flow,
Where late it's swelling billows came,
And from the yielding sand efface
Each vestige of the cherish'd name ;
But Time his waves may vainly roll,
Where it lies graven on my soul.

I ROVED THRO' FOLLY'S GLITTERING MAZE.

I ROVED thro' Folly's glittering maze,
It's splendors had no charms for me ;
Silent I mused, with downcast gaze ;
Ah, whither flew my thoughts ? To thee !

I stray'd at early morn : how sweet
The song of birds—the cowslip lea !
But still my bliss was incomplete ;
Ah, wherefore sigh'd my heart ? For thee !

Sleep lull'd me in his soft embrace ;
In blissful dreams, I seem'd to see
A well-known form, a well-known face ;
On whom did Fancy gaze ? On thee !

Thus, all that day and night impart,
Retirement's calm, or Folly's glee,
Betrays that void within my heart,
Which only can be fill'd by thee.

ESCAPED AT LENGTH, WHERE NONE INTRUDE.

ESCAPED at length, where none intrude,
How lighten'd seems my load of pain,
I live—I breathe—and solitude
Has giv'n me freedom once again !
But welcome now the willing chain,
Which, dearest, binds my soul to thee ;
To think on thee, howe'er in vain,
Is more than all the world to me !

Some envious vapour from the view
The loveliest landscape may conceal,
But soon the Sun's bright rays break thro',
And all its wonted charms reveal;
Thus, tho' the dark'ning world may steal,
Awhile, between my thoughts and thee,
When solitude withdraws the veil,
Thy image, still unchanged, I see.

ON GATHERING SOME FLOWERS.

OH, that these flowers were cull'd for thee,
How sweeter would their fragrance be !
What lovelier hues would Fancy throw
Round all the tints, that o'er them glow.
And Hope would whisper, these may be
Preserved, as records fond of me,
And often may Affection's eye
Behold them, when their beauties die.
This—this would heighten each perfume—
This give each bud a brighter bloom ;
And never would their odours flee,
Embalm'd by Hope and Memory.

SOOTHE ME NO MORE.

SOOTHE me no more—I will go weep,
 Nor, with vain visions, absence cheat;
 My burning sorrows lie too deep,
 For Fancy's cold and poor deceit.

I am not of the puny tribe,
 Whose wounds can soon or lightly heal,
 I spurn each art—disdain each bribe,
 To be less wretched, than I feel.

Let others o'er the portrait hang,
 And speak to one, who cannot hear,
 And still, to mitigate each pang,
 Exclaim—"in soul, I still am near."

Alas, we know we are not nigh!
 Fate, torturing, mocks the baffled will,
 In spite of every art, we try
 To cheat ourselves—'tis absence still.

LAST NIGHT, I WOKE FROM DREAMS OF THEE.

LAST night, I woke from dreams of thee,
And all was silent round,
Yet still I seem'd thy face to see,
And hear thy voice's sound ;
'Twas bliss—and, yet, 'twas agony !
What long I sought was found,
But, ah, I knew thee far away,
And ev'n thy shade would fleet with day !

Oh, what despair, when we would give
An age of grief, and fear,
One short—too-blissful hour to live
With what we hold most dear,
While Fate, who fondest hearts will rive,
Shrieks, in the wretch's ear,
“ Impossible !”—that dreadful word,
With vain, impatient torture heard.

We deem that all the joy was faint,
 We ever prov'd before,
 And wonder at the cold constraint,
 We vow to feel no more ;
 A thousand things will Fancy paint,
 And ponder o'er, and o'er,
 We might have said, or look'd, or done,
 When, lo, the happy time was gone.



NO, LADY, 'TIS NOT WORDS CAN TELL.



No, Lady, 'tis not words can tell
 The all I feel—yet fail to speak,
 Tho', haply, thou may'st view it well,
 In varying eye, or changing cheek.

Believe the love is not like mine,
 That finds expression paint its flame :
 Nor is the mind, dear Maid, like thine,
 Which homage, poor as this, can claim.

As some lone lamp's refulgent ray
Amid the darkness brightly glows,
And, lost amid the beams of day,
Around, a sickly radiance throws,
To every gazer's eye reveal'd,
Love feebly wavers—soon expires,
But, deep within the heart conceal'd,
Like mine, it burns with quenchless fires.

WITH A WREATH OF MYRTLE.

Go, emblem of unfading love,
Around my Julia's forehead twine;
Tell her, thy constancy shall prove
A never-failing pledge of mine:

As, 'mid December's cheerless gloom,
Thy smiling blossoms fragrance shed,
Unblighted, shall affection bloom,
When all beside is cold and dead.

NIGHT,—THY LONE SHADES I ONCE
ABHORR'D.

NIGHT,—thy lone shades I once abhorr'd,
Because they tore the maid away,
Lovely as light—as life ador'd,
And still I sigh'd for lingering day.

Sleep,—thou, ev'n thou, could'st not disarm
Absence of pain, by dreams of thine;
How could thy vain illusions charm,
When dear reality was mine?

Now, welcome Night, for she is gone,
Who made the day so gladly fly,
That I beneath thy star, alone,
May muse upon her memory.

And welcome to my pillow, Sleep,
Now, kindest soother of my woe,
In bliss, my vision'd senses steep,
Which, ah, they cannot, waking, know!

THOSE TEARS—THOSE TEARS WILL
RISE TO VIEW.

THOSE tears—those tears will rise to view,
Which, at our parting, thou did'st shed,
And vividly the thought renew
Of days departed—pleasures fled.

Oh, there is somewhat in the tear
Of one we love, that thrills each vein,
Beyond ev'n joy, grief, hope, or fear,
With strange, yet sadly-pleasing, pain !

'Tis sweet, because we feel, in grief,
More closely drawn to what we love,
And, **striving** to impart relief,
An added tenderness we prove.

And yet we cannot bear to see
That face, whose smiles were wont to glow,

Our sunshine, and our extasy,
Wear ev'n the transient garb of woe.

We hasten, from the moisten'd cheek,
To kiss away the falling tear,
And, yet, if love the truth should speak,
Oh, would we it had not been there?



IF, FOR A MOMENT, I FORGET.



If, for a moment, I forget
Thou art not at my side,
How swells again my vain regret,
With full returning tide!

My heart was dark ; thy youthful smiles
Came, like a beam of May ;
My soul was sad ; thy playful wiles
Stole half my grief away.

While with thee, I could scarcely prove
Thy kind regard for me,
Thy tender offices of love
Were done so silently ;

And so anticipated all
My scarce-form'd wishes sought,
Thou did'st not to my mind recal
That I had wish'd for aught.

Now, by their loss, too well I learn
Those thousand acts of love ;
Yet 'tis not these, but thee I mourn,
All other griefs above.

Oh, to thy cot, from these drear halls,
How gladly would I flee,
And spring, from forth these gloomy walls,
To love, and liberty !

One simple word—one look from thee,
Could, to my breast, impart
Far more than all, I hear or see,
Amid these realms of art.

Full many a gay, and varied flower
The rich parterre supplies ;
But I bethink me of the bower,
Where my sweet violet lies.

Thine artless love is more than wealth,
Than learning, pomp, to me,
And sweeter too, because, by stealth
Alone, I think on thee.

Others are good, or wise, or fair,
And, ev'n, thy lot above,
May Art's or Nature's bounties share,
But, ah, they cannot love !

Oh, how professions, forced and cold,
Pall on the sick'ning ear,
And courtesies, the dross of gold,
As dull, as insincere !

Oh, how attentions, slow and chill,
Awake untam'd disgust,
Still offer'd less, because they *will*,
Than that they deem they *must*.

But love is free, as air, or light,
It may not fetter'd be;
And mine from others wings its flight,
To dwell alone with thee.

DEVOTIONAL
PIECES.

The following is a list of the names of the
persons who have been elected to the
Board of Directors of the
City of New York, for the year 1890.

DEVOTIONS

BY

A HYMN, ON COMING OUT OF CHURCH.

Not only in thy temple, Lord,
Which human hands have made,
I meditate thy sacred word,
Or view thy love display'd ;

Here, where a nobler dome expands,
Far—far above my head,
A canopy, unmade by hands,
Which Thou alone hast spread ;

I gaze—I wonder—I adore,
While Nature flings, abroad,
Her every charm—her every store,
As emblems of her God.

In every flower, that round me blows,
His bounty I can trace ;
In each cool stream, that near me flows,
His sweet, refreshing grace.

Yon glorious sun before my thought
The brighter glories brings,
To which all those, his love has bought,
Shall soar on angel-wings.

But, oh, not all the varied dress
Of water—earth—and skies,
Hath aught sufficient to express
The wondrous sacrifice !

And yet *all* Nature serves to move
The rapturous thought divine,
For all, I see, recals thy love,
And warmly wakens mine ;

And who upon thy love can e'er
His thoughts in transport lose,
Yet on it's dearest pledge forbear
With fervent zeal to muse ?

Oh, thus may still thy gifts recal
The source, from which they flow'd ;
Still lead me to behold, thro' all,
The Saviour in the God !

A SUNDAY THOUGHT.

TIPP'D by the sun's emerging beams,
How bright the village spire ;
Contrasted with yon cloud, it seems
A lamp of living fire.

So shines thy sun of mercy, Lord,
Affliction to illume,
Reflected from thy holy word,
When all beside is gloom.

"The World forgetting, by the World forgot."

Pope.

As one, in days of old, would fly
To some protecting shrine
From dread pursuers, threat'ning nigh,
And, panting, there recline,
Lord, to thy dwelling I repair,
And cling around thine altar there!

Or, as the swallow, chased away
From cruel man's abode,
Beneath thy sacred walls will lay
Her cherish'd young, oh God!
So there I oft that peace obtain,
Which elsewhere I have sought in vain.

When shelter'd safe, well-pleased we hear
The waves and tempest roar,
And raging winds without endear
The warmth within still more;
Oh, thus I feel, from peril free,
Retired within thy sanctuary.

Or it might seem, as if my boat
O'er raging seas had past,
And calmly were allow'd to float,
To some bright isle at last,
There to refit her shatter'd sail,
Ere yet again she tempt the gale.

The world's tempestuous ocean dark
Around still foams and swells,
But thou art as the happy ark
Where only safety dwells;
And Peace, who skims that troubled sea,
Returns her olive-branch to thee.

Farewell, thou dark and stormy world;
Farewell, thy grief and fear;
The port is won, the sails are furl'd,
Ye cannot touch me here!
But welcome, peace and rapture, now,
And, O my Saviour, welcome Thou!

A MORNING HYMN.

WHEN morn's returning beams inspire
The birds' enraptured lays,
How glows my mind to wake the lyre,
And join the general praise !

While nature's choristers rejoice
Thy blessings, Lord, to share,
And tune for thee each rival voice,
Shall mine be wanting there ?

And they, howe'er their transport soars,
Can song alone impart;
But, while my tongue thy name adores,
More vocal be my heart !

How sweet from every herb and flower
That freshen'd fragrance steals,
Known only when the morning hour
It's dewy light reveals !

When odours, wheresoe'er I stray,
From earth's great altar rise,
Shall Gratitude neglect to pay
Her nobler sacrifice ?

What livelier fervors, at her call,
Our rising zeal should fan ;
For Thou, who art the God of all,
Art Saviour but to man.

On all thy sun benignant beams,
For all, thy breezes blow ;
For all, thy cool abundant streams
Lend freshness, where they flow ;

Thy flowers, for all, perfume the sod,
Thy fruits for all provide ;
To all Thou liv'st—but Thou, O God,
For man alone hast died !

HOW SWEET TO THE SWAIN IS THE LAST BLUSH OF EVE.

How sweet to the swain is the last blush of eve,
That tells him the labours of day-light are done !
How glad is the wave-wearied sailor, to leave
The toil of the oar, at the set of the sun !

Then, O, to their cot with what rapture they haste,
Where smiles each dear face on their happy return,
And around their blithe board, what soft extasy taste,
While the cup passes round, and the bright embers
burn !

How gladly the bird, who has roved far away,
On her wild wearied wing then returns to her nest,
Forgets the wide scenes where she wander'd by day,
Nestles close to her mate, and sinks gently to rest.

So sweet to thy child, O kind Father of all,
Is the hour when alone he can commune with thee,
And thus gladly he hails the calm day's silent fall,
To thy well-beloved presence with rapture to flee !

With what joy does he greet thee, his Saviour, his
Strength,

With what perfect composure he sinks on thy breast!
His warfare is closed for the day's weary length,
He is one day more near to his haven of rest.

COMPOSED ON THE SEA-SHORE.

WHILE here along the shore I wind,
And view the ocean roll,
Too true an emblem I can find
Of my perturbed soul;

For tho', sometimes, when storms are spent,
More calmly heaves it's breast,
'Tis still the same wild element,
It ne'er can wholly rest.

Ev'n joy, as transient sun-beams pass
O'er broken waves below,
Still finds me trembling, and, alas,
Too often leaves me so !

But Thou, great Spirit, who along
The waters first did'st move,
And straight from warring chaos sprung
Light, harmony, and love ;
And Thou, who on the foaming wave
Did'st walk with tranquil foot,
And bid the billows cease to rave,
The wild winds to dispute ;
Oh, passion's ruder storm controul,
Bid mental discord cease,
And breathe upon my troubled soul
Thy last—best gift of peace !

SONNETS.

I.

ON RETURNING TO A FAVOURITE
PLACE OF RESIDENCE.

EDEN, to those blue streams, thy banks that lave,
Her tints of orange mellow evening lent ;
The graceful bough, like young Narcissus, bent
To kiss it's image in the lucid wave,
And every blade and bell, dew-sprinkled, gave
A fresher verdure, and a sweeter scent,
When last to bid thee long farewell I went ;
Now o'er thy turbid waters rude winds rave,
And, hurrying o'er the wilderness forlorn,
Tear Spring's last relic from the shrinking tree.
Ah, many a hope has disappointment torn
From my lone heart, since I deserted thee ;
And now thy wintry scenes appear to mourn,
Accordant still, as once they smiled with me !

II.

ON VISITING HAGLEY.

NOR that, how skill'd soe'er, the hand of Art
With rustick edifice and pillar'd seat,
O Hagley, has adorn'd thy fair retreat,
Does ecstasy it's silent thrill impart
In gazing on thee. The o'erflowing heart,
Th' insatiate eye, from these will turn to greet
The works of Nature; whether at our feet
She spread her treasures, or her varied chart
Afar unroll, as from thy steepy hills
We gaze, and all our upward toil repay.
Not ev'n the bards, who sang thy groves and rills,
Can charm the homage of our thoughts away :
'Tis Nature all the yielding spirit fills,
And leads to Nature's God the grateful lay.

III.

TO PEACE.

WHILE rapt I lie near this lone waterfall,
Gazing upon it, 'till, at every gush,
The waters seem with wilder force to rush,
And whiter foam, adown their rocky wall,
While o'er me, high in air, yon cedars tall
Wave their wide arms ; come, gentlest Peace ! and hush
Each thought, at which thy virgin cheek might blush,
And, if thou can'st, thy empire past recal
Within my breast. Ah, wherefore should'st thou fly ?
I do not love the world's turmoiling sphere ;
Ambition never hurl'd me from on high,
No dreams of wealth excite my hope or fear :
Then why to me thy soothing voice deny ?
Ah, wherefore vainly do I woo thee here ?

IV.

THE WINTER'S NOON.

THE morning mists had melted all away,
The sun shone brightly on the frozen brook ;
When o'er the pathless common slow I took,
With devious step, my unattended way :
Dissolving fast before the genial ray,
Soon the thin ice each leafy stem forsook,
Save, where an evergreen one lonely nook
O'erhung, and shielded from the amorous day
The virgin bosom of the snow-white ground.
And thus, (I cried) when Fancy's fairy hues,
Which once so sweetly cloth'd each object round,
Before bright Reason's beam their beauties lose,
Still are their latest relics lingering found
Beneath the sheltering laurel of the muse.

V.

ON QUITTING HOME.

FAREWELL, loved spot, that Recollection's tear
Combines with past delight and present woe ;
Ah, from thy loved retreats, full many a fear,
Full many a care afflicts me, as I go !
But green and gay, as erst, thy hills appear,
As erst, thy waters pure and placid flow ;
Thy careless breezes, as they wanton near,
No sigh—no parting sigh—on me bestow.
Cruel, thou mightest smile, when, far away,
My bark is bounding o'er the billows blue ;
Thou mightest smile, when, thro' the showery spray,
The last faint cliff is fading from my view ;
But, oh, why wear thy loveliest—best array,
When sad I come to sigh my last adieu ?

VI.

ON FINDING A BOOK, WHICH HAD
BEEN LONG LAID BY.

DELIGHT of childhood, as I once again
Turn thy loved leaves, how many a tender thought
And soft emotion rises, deeply fraught
With not unpleasing pensiveness and pain !
Thou wak'st the first, and lo, a long—long train
Of recollections to my view are brought,
Of recollections, that I oft have sought
'Mid the dark annals of the past, in vain.
Yes, Memory, I confess thy fond controul !
All freshly colour'd by thy brightest ray,
Shades of departed joys fleet o'er my soul,
Fair as the clouds, that oft, at close of day,
O'er evening's melancholy bosom roll ;
Alas, as unsubstantial too, as they !

VII.

WRITTEN ON A WINTER'S MORNING.

WHEN on the sun's bright orb distinct is seen
(As slow he rises on the watchful view
Behind yon hill) the dark fir's sable hue,
And his long rays, divided, slope between
Each aperture amid the dusky screen,
While forms, that Frost's fantastic finger drew
On the dimm'd pane, dissolve in amber dew,—
I, at my window, taste delight serene,
And think how many, at this cheerful hour,
While in the town's rank atmosphere they gasp,
Lose joys like these, or, quench'd each mental power,
The languid form of dull Oblivion clasp.
Oh, when will man accept his heav'nly dower,
And seize the joys for ever in his grasp!

VIII.

WRITTEN ON A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

OH, for a Claude's soft pencil, quick to trace,
Ere yet they fade, the hues of yonder cloud,
That o'er the bright moon spreads it's varying shroud,
To catch the semblance of it's shadowy grace!
Now, o'er the splendour of her hidden face,
In dark'ning folds, the dusky vapours crowd;
Now, mildly beaming, yet with gesture proud,
Slowly she rises thro' their parting space.
Religion thus, alike thro' dark or bright,
With equal steps, holds on her heav'nly way,
Beholding still her glorious source of light,
While far below earth's turbid vapours stray;
But her's the travel of a transient night,
And her's the promise of immortal day.

IX.

COMPOSED ON A BANK, WHERE
SNOW-DROPS GREW.

How spring-like is the odour of these flowers,
So faintly fragrant,* bending o'er the stream,
From the green bank above ! The pleasing theme
Of days departed, and the fairy hours,
When, 'mid blithe April's dew-bespangled bowers,
I wander'd, jocund as the sunny gleam
That laughs away the oft returning showers,—
Steals on my soul, resistless as a dream.
O Memory, not with sight, or sound, alone,
Thy sympathies are link'd ! thy sway prevails
O'er every sense, all Nature is thine own ;
Thy hand-maids are her streams, her groves, her gales ;
From odours, too, thy magic art exhales
The subtle essence of delights, long-flown.

* It is generally thought that Snow-drops are inodorous, but the close observer of Nature will justify me in calling them fragrant.

X.

TO THE
SPIRIT OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

THO' as the dews of morning short thy date,
Tho' Sorrow look'd on thee, and said—"be mine!"
Yet, with a holy ardour, Bard divine,
I burn—I burn to share thy glorious fate,
Above whate'er of honours, or estate,
This transient world can give; I would resign,
With rapture, Fortune's choicest gifts, for thine,
More truly noble—more sublimely great.
For thou hast gain'd the prize of well-tried worth,
That prize, which from thee never can be riven;
Thine, Henry, is a deathless name on earth,
Thine, amaranthine wreaths, new-pluck'd in Heaven!
By what aspiring child, of mortal birth,
Could more be ask'd—to whom might more be given?

XI.

TO MEMORY.

MEMORY—thou greatest good, thou direst ill,
That ever blest or tortur'd frail mankind,
By turns, triumphant o'er the baffled will,
In tyrant-chains thou hold'st the adverse mind,
Compelling it to gaze, in anguish, still
On those lov'd scenes, it bled to leave behind;
By turns, thy balmy hand consents to bind
The wounds, it gave; and thou, with magic skill,
Around the sufferer's couch dost so allure
Each lovely form, which best can bliss impart,
That he, whose vanquish'd bosom must endure,
Capricious Power! too oft thy cruel smart,
Forgetting his past sorrows in their cure,
Clasps thee, once more, to his relenting heart.

XII.

SURREY.

DEAR, native county, what unnumber'd ties
Have bound me to thee !—Not alone, that thou
Art England's Eden, nor that, musing slow,
I love to wander where thy sand-rocks rise
Above thy bowery lanes, and catch the sighs
Of the pure gales which o'er thy wild heaths blow,
And climb, at morn or eve, some hill's steep brow,
To watch the bright'ning or the fading skies ;
But dear domestic bonds, which still more fast
Time, round my heart, draws, ever, as he flies,
Fond Memory, with her pictures of the past,
And winning tales of Childhood's simple joys,
And Hope, who whispers—that with thee, at last,
Some friendly hand shall close my peaceful eyes.

XIII.

COMPOSED, DURING A SOLITARY
WALK AT NIGHT.

THE last vibration of the midnight bell
Ebbs, on the undulating air, away,
And slow retires from every echoing cell,
While in the cloister's solemn gloom I stray;
Emerging then, where Cynthia's beams dispel
The deeper shades, and tinge the trees with grey,
I bathe mine eyes in the mild, tranquil ray,
So grateful, when day's glare has bade farewell.
Yet not as, smit with old romance, of yore,
Now people I with Fays her argenteous beams,
Naiad, or Wood-nymph. Me, sublimer lore
Has taught true visions, brighter than those dreams:
To Him, who lit her lamp, I swiftly soar,
And pierce the fount whence light eternal streams.

XIV.

A WINTER'S EVENING.

NOUGHT, but wild images, around—The trees,
Robb'd, by rude winter, of their foliage proud,
A sky, o'erspread with many a moving cloud,
That hurries on before th' impelling breeze.
Far off, wide downs the eye but dimly sees,
Where the storm travels in its misty shroud,
While, in the vale below, the vapours crowd,
Thick on each other, like to billowy seas.
By fits, and borne upon the gusty wind,
The heavy rain-drop beats upon my face;
Yet, mingling with the scene, my pensive mind,
In Nature, still, a loveliness can trace,
As of some beauteous mourner, who, resign'd
To chill despair, yet droops in wonted grace.

XV.

TO THE SEA.

CHIEF of God's works! whether in grand repose,
Or majesty of turbulence, to me
Still art thou beautiful, most glorious sea,
Alike, when on thy mirror morning glows,
And twilight's curtains dimly round thee close;
How it expands the soul, to gaze on thee,
Stupendous emblem of Eternity!
Where, its dilated glance the Spirit throws
At once to heav'n, and, unimpeded, knows
That only for its boundless boundary.
And, oh, thy voice my lonely temper suits,
Whether, in thunders, it proclaim, and prove
The Deity's tremendous attributes,
Or softly whisper, that his Name is Love!

XVI.

THE TARN.*

O SOLITARY Tarn, within thy breast
Dwelling of man has ne'er reflected been,
Nor ever, on thy glassy front, serene,
Hath, from the birth of time, been aught imprest,
Save what, of Nature, Solitude loves best,
The sky—thine own wild rock—yon mountain green—
Sole objects in the grandly-simple scene,
Which closes round thee, in such perfect rest.
Oh, how, above all mortals, blest were he,
To whom a bosom, pure as thine, were given,
Thus, from the world's unholy image free—
Thus shelter'd from life's storms, and ever even,
Reflecting Nature's simplest forms, like thee,
Its depths, like thine, reserved for only heaven!

* A Tarn is a small mountain-lake. It was in the recesses of Saddleback, (whose more poetical name is Blencathra), in Cumberland, that I met with the striking scene, which I have attempted to convey.

XVII.

ON GENIUS.

PROMETHEUS, was not the celestial fire,
Thy bold hand snatch'd, to quicken sluggish clay,
That subtle spark—that animating ray,
On earth, call'd Genius? Soul of poet's lyre,
Of painting's band, of music's seraph-choir,
Th' informing spirit? and, Pygmalion, say,
Did not thy fabled statue life display,
Touch'd by that torch, which can alone inspire
Marble with warmth? Oh, heav'n-descended guest,
Creative energy, one glance of thine
Can all the labour'd works of Art outshine!
I own thee Sovereign of my willing breast,
Lord of my tears, and smiles; nor meanly blest,
Admir'd in others, might I call thee mine!

XVIII.

THE LOVE, THAT CANNOT DIE.

OH, dearer than the dearest, thro' this sea
Of doubts, and troubles, and perplexing fears,
Where my frail bark, with trembling caution, steers,
What is't, that guides me, but the love of thee?
'Tis said, that love, with time, will cease to be,
But mine has stood the silent lapse of years,
Undimm'd by absence—uneffaced by tears,
Yea, deeper graved by all my misery!
They said I should forget thee—did they know
The depth and nature of a love, like mine?
That there are streams, which cannot cease to flow,
That there are rays, which must for ever shine?
Alas, their eyes are ever fix'd below!
What should they reckon, or ken of things divine?

XIX.

FAITH.

THE Indian hunter, who, with shaft and bow,
Thro' giant-forests bursts his devious way,
Where tangled boughs forbid the orb of day,
Or moon, or star, one guiding beam to throw,
And the wild matted wilderness below
Leaves not a vestige, where his footsteps stray,
The friendly moss turns often to survey,
Which towards the north alone will freshly grow,*
And pilots thus his homeward course aright,
True as the star, that trembles o'er the pole.
So, when the Sun of Joy eludes the gaze,
And Hope is veil'd, the Moon of Sorrow's night,
Faith, ever pointing to one changeless goal,
Guides the lone wanderer thro' life's darkling maze.

* This is a fact.

XX.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHERE the tall chesnuts, waving to the breeze,
Extend their venerable pomp of shade,
And all their leafy bowers are vocal made
By the soft music of the murmuring bees,
That hang upon their bloom—in careless ease
On the green lawn, beneath their umbrage, laid,
I view each sylyan charm around display'd,
While Shakespeare's numbers on my fancy seize.
Dream of a Summer's night, thine elfin queen
(In the sweet madness of a poet's trance)
I see, and jealous Oberon's sterner mien,
While all their subject fays before me glance;
O Nature's Bard, how Nature's every scene
Doth prove thy pencil's magic, and enhance!

XXI.

THE CHOICE.

WHEN reason made me capable of choice,
To me three sister nymphs, yet rivals, came ;
Each strove my first affections to inflame,
And fix me her's for life. With sweetest voice,
And lyric touch more exquisitely nice,
Orpheus, than thine, the first preferr'd her claim ;
The second to the eye address her aim,
And spread all mimic hues, that might entice
The yielding soul. But, oh, the third drew near,
And won me with her smile. Her looks impart
An unknown rapture. Prostrate, I revere,
And cry, O loveliest, teach me all thine art !
Guide these my hand, or modulate mine ear,
But thou alone reign mistress of my heart !

XXII.

INSCRIPTION FOR A RUSTIC SEAT.



SHOULD to this spot some child of nature hie,
The thoughts, that fancy dwells on, to recal ;
One, who, in whispering breeze, can hear a sigh,
In murmuring stream, a spirit's madrigal ;
Oh, as he listens to yon waterfall,
And wind-rock'd trees, that make sweet music nigh,
Or views the calm seclusion, how will all
Imagination's fairy forms glide by !
Then, when each woe—each worldly care is flown,
And every passion sinks to deep repose,
When his rapt soul, with ecstasy, unknown
To common minds, swells, softens, and o'erflows,
Then let him think, that there existeth one,
Who here, full oft, hath known what now he knows.

XXIII.

ON SEEING SOME FINE PAINTINGS.



STUPENDOUS Angelo, I gaze o'eraw'd
On the wild wonders that thy pencil dealt,
O'erpower'd with ecstasy, too deep to melt
In aught, save tears; too holy to applaud
By aught, but silence. Nor, enchanting Claude,
Less on thy milder scenes my soul hath dwelt.
Oh, then what rapture must *your* souls have felt,
When your conceptions leapt in light abroad,
While Art before the shrine of Nature knelt,
And caught, and clothed her oracles sublime.
Oh, I would pour my spirit on the time,
When your minds travail'd with each glorious birth,
For poets, who are painters too, in rhyme,
Claim kindred with your touch'd Promethean earth!

XXIV.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.*

FIR shroud art thou, O sable grove of fir,
For yon dismantled dwellings, where no more
The sounds of rustic labor, as of yore,
Nor laugh, nor song of joyous villager
Are blithely heard, nor aught beheld to stir,
Save yonder restless springs, which, bursting o'er,
Thro' the rank grass their scatter'd waters pour.
Oft to this scene Remembrance will recur,
When Melancholy seeks some kindred spot
Amid the past, where calmly she may weep;
And here, when foes have pierced, or friends forgot,
Shall Thought resign'd her quiet vigils keep
With unobtrusive Woe, that speaketh not,
Yet is perchance, like silent streams, most deep.

* In a valley in Cumberland, there is really a place of this description. The proprietor of it went abroad, and has not been since heard of. The inhabitants knew not to whom they might apply for repairs, forsook their cottages, and left them half in ruins.

XXV.

COMPOSED ON THE SEA-SHORE.

'Tis night; I sit me down upon the shore,
Where not an object meets my baffled eye,
Save the interminable sea and sky,
Nor sound salutes me, save the wave's dull roar.
The soul, thrown back upon herself to pore,
Is mystery. I ask, what—whence am I?
A pilgrim destined to eternity.
A most strange feeling, never felt before,
Arrests my breath. 'Tis as the world were past,
And I were left still here to muse alone,
A living statue on the lifeless waste,
The heav'ns my tent—the earth my empty throne,
Beyond time—change—hope—fear—joy—sorrow—
cast,
Behind—a dark abyss; before—a void unknown.

XXVI.

THE CHILD OF EARLY SORROWS.

I SAW thee, like a vernal blossom wet
With an untimely shower ; thy cheek was pale,
And thy young eyes told many a mournful tale
Of early care and premature regret.
Ah, there the drops of sorrow linger yet,
Tho' the bland wooing of the Summer gale,
And Summer rays, the moisture would exhale !
Thou hast a heart, that never can forget,
And Memory weeps in thee, when Grief is past.
Thou art a harp, which Woe so early strung,
It scarce will answer to the touch of Joy,
And if, poor orphan'd, sorrow-nurtur'd boy,
O'er the fine chords a ruder hand be flung,
Too much I fear, that they will break at last !

XXVII.

FANCY.

O FANCY, when a child, too rashly bold,
I found thee coil'd amid the lonely shade,
And took thee for my chaplet, as 'tis told
Forth from her cottage stole an Indian Maid,
And, as she wander'd down the sunny glade,
Espied a snake, in hues of green and gold,
And glittering panoply of light array'd.
Poor innocent! the shining death she roll'd
Round her smooth brow in many a wanton braid,
The dark redundance of her locks to hold,
And of the passing stream a mirror made,
To view, and vary every sportive fold.
But, ah, in anguish now she shrieks dismay'd,
Death—Death thro' every vein glides uncontroll'd!

XXVIII.

HOME-SICKNESS.

HERE let me sit upon this shaded stile,
Where none but rustic sights can meet mine eye,
And rural sounds alone may murmur by,
That dreams of thee, sweet Surry, for awhile
The view of cheated Fancy may beguile :
Yon clouds, high-pil'd amid the western sky,
Thy hills of varied aspect shall supply,
Their golden rifts, thy streams, that brightly smile.
As the Swiss Exile weeps, if chance he hear
The melting wildness of his native strain,
So I, condemn'd the livelong day to wear
On Cam's dull margin, and unvaried plain,
If aught more rural meet mine eye, or ear,
O Surry, pant to climb thy hills again !

XXIX.

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS
CHARLOTTE.

WEEP not for her, whose spirit pure is flown
Where the lost fruits of happy Eden grow,
Who, on this feverish dream of joy and woe,
Now with an Angel's pitying eye looks down;
Snatch'd from the thousand tyrant-ills, that frown
Dark on each chequer'd lot of life below,
And ever most their baleful gifts bestow
Within the glittering circle of a crown.
But, oh, for him, whose sun of perfect bliss,
Bright as it rose, in envious clouds grew dim;
Whose nectar'd cup of sparkling happiness
Was dash'd away, when mantling to the brim,
Seek not the generous sorrow to repress;
Shed Pity's truest, tenderest tear for him!

.XXX.

A DAY-DREAM.

CHARLOTTE

ONE peaceful vision hath my soul shaped out,
A lowly dwelling, in a beauteous vale,
Romote from Man. Thither, when cares assail,
When dark perplexing fancies throng about
My restless couch, or when the World's wild rout
Untunes my soul, I fly, and there inhale
Delicious quiet's renovating gale,
There lose my sorrows and forget each doubt.
Deem'st thou, best friend, this visionary cot
In fancy is possess'd by me alone;
That, when I image my sequester'd lot,
I ask to share it's sweet repose with none?
Oh no! Thy image to the air-drawn spot
Gives life, and light, and beauties not it's own.

XXXI.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, they do sweet Nature wrong,
Who say that Grief inspires thy nightly strain;
When did she teach her children to complain?
No, 'tis exuberant rapture swells thy song,
Yet holier rapture, than the madden'd throng
Dares by the name of happiness profane.
Returning from thy lonely sylvan reign,
Now, as I pace the midnight streets along,
I hear the noisy shout of ebriate mirth,
And there is sadness in that maniac sound,
Like idiot laughter in Death's hollow throat.
Oh, it is Man alone untunes the earth,
And seems a jarring, and discordant note,
Where all is peaceful harmony around !

XXXII.

TO A SCHOOL-FELLOW.

FRIEND of my youth ; alas, the friend no more,
But cold acquaintance of my later years,
Too well foreboded my prophetic fears,
That, the first warmth of generous childhood o'er,
Thou would'st turn from me, and the paths explore
Of the low world, where selfish interest sears
The heart to all, that softens, or endears ;
And what it's early freshness can restore ?
Oh, should we meet, would wakening Mem'ry claim
From thy rebelling bosom no redress,
Painting the happy day, the joyous game,
In contrast to the world's chill hollowness ?
It might be so ; but disingenuous shame
Would hide the feeling, it could not repress.

XXXIII.

THE SORROWFUL TREE.

“So the sad tree shrinks from the morning’s eye,
But blooms all night.”

Andrew Marvel.

THERE is a tree, which, in their plaintive lays,
The Indian maids call “Sorrowful.” It’s bloom
Will but uncloze in midnight’s deepest gloom;
Sick’ning it eyes the Morn, and pale decays
Wither’d, and wasted in Noon’s garish rays,
’Till Eve once more her shadowy throne resume.
Yet is it not unlovely; it’s perfume
Enriches the calm air, that round it plays,
And to the lonely wanderer of the glen
Bears fragrance, as to soothe his bosom’s pain.
Ah, some, who droop among the sons of men,
And thro’ the world their semblance sought in vain,
Children of solitude, may find, sad tree,
Their type of pensive loneliness in thee.

XXXIV.

FORGETFULNESS.

Too long forgotten, welcome once again
To thy sad shrine within this lonely breast ;
I hate myself, that I so long could rest
Unmindful of thee. Oh, in vain—in vain
Have I believed, with wild o'erheated brain,
I could love aught but thee. Dear outraged guest,
Return once more, where nought shall now molest
Thee, the sweet partner of my joy, or pain.
'Tis the last madness of despairing love
To court forgetfulness ; and, oh, how much
Must the poor bosom, in it's anguish, prove,
How long be tortured, ere it fly to such !
But, ah, it finds this cannot peace restore,
And still to it's loved torment turns once more.

XXXV.

TO T. H. AGED FIFTEEN.



Go on, ingenuous youth, and keep in view
The noble path, the partial Muse prescribes ;
Turn not aside for Fortune's glittering bribes,
Whose splendour is as worthless, as untrue.
Not thine t' associate with the sordid crew
Of Avarice, or Ambition's servile tribes ;
Nor let thy spirit heed the envious gibes,
With which they ever modest worth pursue.
But, oh, press onward up th' Aonian mount !
Tho' rude, at first, and rugged seem the way,
Soon wilt thou cease thy weary steps to count,
And from it's heights expanding realms survey :
There quaff thy fill of the celestial fount,
While airs of Heav'n, refreshing, round thee play.

XXXVI.

ON READING SOUTHEY'S RODERICK.

FRIEND of the lonely walk, and midnight bower,
Now, while the elves their star-light vigils keep,
And all beside lies hush'd in slumber deep,
Southey, thy magic lay's resistless power
Detains me here, regardless of the hour,
Indulging visions, lovelier ev'n than sleep
Brings in her train : the quiet tears, I weep,
Are grateful as the dews, that bathe the flower,
'Thirsting for rain, which sultry day denies,
As to thy Roderick's agonizing woes,
With kindred feeling, my full soul replies.
Ah, who, like thee, sweet Bard of nature, knows
To call forth all the heart's best sympathies,
And cheat it's own deep sorrows to repose !

XXXVII.

TO JOHN CLARE,

The Peasant-poet of Northamptonshire.

THERE is a vivid lightning of the breast,
Flash'd from a spark of kindred poesy,
Which Poets only know, when rapt they see
Some hidden thought, some feeling unexpress'd
Upon the pages of the bard impress'd,
In all the warmth of Nature's energy.
O Clare, such answering electricity
Darts from thy numbers to my soul address'd !
Thou hast read Nature with a Poet's eye,
Thou hast felt Nature with a Poet's heart,
Not the broad page, which all expanded descry,
But the fine secrets, which poetic art
Alone can apprehend—alone impart—
And to which none but Poets' souls reply.

XXXVIII.

TO MISS STEPHENS.



OH, sing to me for ever ! Might that be,
I fondly deem I ne'er should feel again
That sad recurrence of unvaried pain,
Which words impart not, and no eye can see.
How much, Enchantress, do I owe to thee !
While thy sweet voice thus weaves the tuneful chain,
It untwines that, which fetters heart and brain,
And sets the captives of the bosom free.
Could I repay thee with a verse, as sweet
As thine own melody, the debt were less.
Not with such hope my feelings I express,
But that, while plausive crowds thy praise repeat,
This may perchance more genuine joy impart,
To know that thou hast soothed one lonely heart.

XXXIX.

WRITTEN AT STEEPHILL,

After seeing Appuldarcombe, in the Isle of Wight.

ART, I have seen thy loveliest works to-day,
And now before me Nature's scenes expand;
Claude, Rosa, Poussin, could your magic hand
Beauty so awefully sublime display,
As that, which now I gaze on?—Cliff, and bay,
And boundless sea—while here I raptur'd stand
On the last boundary of my native land,
And stretch in fancy to far realms away.
The cloud, impending o'er the shadow'd deep,
Throws a blue darkness, like rich polish'd steel,
While, in the west, beyond th' opposing steep,
Bright golden streaks the setting orb reveal.
All—all is rapture! Wherefore do I weep?
Oh, tears alone can utter what I feel!

XL.

DESPONDENCY.

MOMENTS of utter gloom, more frequent now
Ye cloud a heart, that knew you from it's birth ;
Oft has your darkness quench'd the blaze of mirth,
And ev'n o'er most auspicious hours would throw
It's mantle of unutterable woe,
While my heart pined in wild mysterious dearth
Of all, that is call'd happiness on earth ;
With nought to hope, and none to love, below.
Oh, was it not the dim, prelusive shade,
Which, ere it's full eclipse, Hope's planet knew ;
Misfortune's giant shadow, far display'd,
Ere the gaunt spectre stole, himself, to view ?
The coming storm's prophetic lurid hue,
Ere lightning blasted all the destined glade ?

XLI.

TO ROMANCE.

ROMANCE, I hate thee ! And, if e'er the tone
Of my lone harp should meet another's ear,
And, haply, he remark, with heartless sneer,
That it can utter mournful sounds alone,
Tell him, I never bow'd before thy throne,
That, if I sung of woe, I was sincere,
That, tho' perchance no outward sign appear,
Yet Passions wild oft claim me as their own,
Too fiery for the weak, fantastic whine
"Of puny poets puling to the Moon ;"
And tell him too that Joy would often tune
To extasy this wayward heart of mine,
To extasy, which I would not resign
For all, that gilds the world's most cloudless noon.

THE

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THE

THE

WATERLOO.*

O God, Thy arm was here ;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone
Ascribe we all.

Shakspeare.

O THAT to me the deathless song were given,
Thoughts born of light, and words that breathe of
Heaven !

O might I wake those strains from Echo's cave,
Which died in melody o'er Milton's grave !
Then the rapt hope were mine to sing and soar,
Where never poet dar'd his flight before,
And ev'n to Glory's loftiest realm pursue
Thy matchless theme, immortal Waterloo.
But vainly now, still lab'ring unexpressed,
Pants the deep feeling in my baffled breast.

* Written for the Chancellor's Prize at Cambridge, 1820.—As this poem is not published with the slightest intention of impugning the decision, which awarded the prize to another composition ; many parts, which were omitted when it was sent in, have been again inserted, and some corrections have been made.

The order of events forms the plan of the poem. With the exception of one digression to Brussels, it has been scrupulously observed.

A world in arms—a Tyrant hurl'd from high—
An Empire's might—a People's constancy ;
All that inspirits, soothes, exalts, endears,
The victor's triumph, and the mourner's tears,
All throng in vast succession, each in turn
Melts the full heart, or bids its ardour burn.
Lost in effulgence, where shall Fancy stray ?
How from the brightness part each blended ray ?
How, when the full-orb'd Moon on Ocean streams,
Paint ev'ry wave, where sep'rate lustre gleams ;
Yet all combin'd upon the dazzled sight
Effuse one flood of undivided light ?
Long thro' her realms had Earth with discord burn'd ;
To Belgium now her eager glance is turn'd—
Stage of high deeds, where waits each anxious eye
The last wild act of War's dread tragedy.
To-morrow sees Gaul's proud Usurper hurl'd
Low to the dust, or Monarch of the world.
Spirits, to whom the care of man is given,
Ye bend expectant from your native Heaven.
'Tis not o'er one pale nation Doubt prevails—
A World,—a World is trembling in the scales !

Fierce in his splendour, ere his course be run,
From broken clouds looks out the threat'ning Sun ;

Wide o'er the landscape casts the angry hue,
Gleams on the village fane of Waterloo ;
Then, deeply red, as if suffus'd with blood,
Sinks into gloom behind dark Soignies' wood.
A deadly stillness, which is not repose,
O'er earth and air its dull stagnation throws.
Is it that Nature thus suspends her breath,
List'ning afar the rushing wings of Death ?
On the low brow of yonder gentle hill,
Where the corn rustles, tho' the wind is still,
No shepherds watch, no peasants braid the dance,
'Tis England rank'd against the might of France.
Her mustering myriads crown the opposing height,
While dark between them drops the veil of Night.
Short separation ! They at morn shall meet
With such good morrow as a foe may greet.
Oh ! 'till that hour what expectation reigns,
Drinks the quick breath, and thrills the fever'd veins ;
Dread the fierce onset, dread the stern defence,
But what can match the sickness of suspense ?
To act, to suffer, may be nobly great,
But Nature's mightiest effort is, to wait.
Did it not seem relief, when, rous'd at length,
Burst the full tempest in its gather'd strength ?
Did not the body's added hardships win
The mind from turning on itself within ?

While loftier souls th' inclement blast defy,
And revel in the tumult of the sky.
With deeper thoughts the Highland Mountaineer
Lists the rude sounds familiar to his ear.
Before his view his native rocks arise,
His cot half lost amid the misty skies—
The cheerful fire of peat ;—he may not brook
On the fond scene to dwell with lingering look :
For there are some—Oh, dearer ev'n than life !—
Who may weep vainly o'er to-morrow's strife.
Far other thoughts the lively Gaul possess,
Flush'd with gay hope, and drunken with success,
Too light to heed the mingling wind and rain,
Boastful he fights his conquests o'er again,
And gilds with Ligny's fame the darker hour,
When quail'd at Quatre Bras his vaunted pow'r.
And does the mem'ry of that well-fought field
No thrilling pulse to Britain's warriors yield ?
Feebly, alas, the joys of triumph swell,
Too dearly bought, where Brunswick—Cameron—fell :
Nor can they now the sinking breast elate,
While anxious lips enquire of Prussia's fate,
And comrades whisper, as with busy care
Their arms they burnish, or the steed prepare.
Dread in her vagueness Rumour stalks around,
And draws wild omens from each dubious sound.

Yet Albion's offspring, firm in joy, or ill,
Ev'n in their sadness are undaunted still.
'Tis Duty nerves beneath Misfortune's rod,
Trust in their chief—yet less in him than God.
Slow move the hours; the tardy morn still shrouds
Her feeble radiance in a night of clouds.
Dim thro' the vapour, and the driving storm,
On either height stalks many a warlike form.
And who is he amid the Gallic host,
With that fierce gesture of insulting boast?
Who, as to seize the prey in fancy won,
Clench'd his rais'd hand? It is Napoleon.
Ha! dost thou hold them in thy savage grasp?
That eager hand on empty air may clasp!
Well hast thou laid each deep dissembled plan,—
But not remember'd they were laid by Man;
And weigh'd most subtly in the scale of sense
Each turn of chance—but not of Providence;
Trac'd from each source, save One, the sure event,
But dost not know that One Omnipotent!
Let thy vain hand strife's lightning signal yield,
And wake war's thunder on war's deadliest field;
By thee, whose mad ambition fir'd the world,
'Tis well that torch of discord should be hurl'd.*

* It is said that Buonaparte fired, with his own hand, the first cannon at Waterloo.

O bear me, Fancy, in thine eagle car
Swift to that scene of wild, distracted war !
Pour my full soul the mingling tide along,
Rise in my ardour, brighten in my song !
Breathe martial spirit o'er each glowing line,
And arm me for the fight with energy divine !
Hark ! 'twas the shout of legions shook the sky !
France and Napoleon—England—Victory !
Then peal'd the cannon, then the volum'd smoke
Forth from its brazen throat, dark eddying, broke.
On dash'd the war-horse—High the standards reel,
Waves the plum'd crest, and gleams the deadly steel.
Red, thro' the lurid air, the bomb aspires,
Then shoots, like falling star, its earthward fires.
Each furious volley tells that thousands die,
And the groan mingles with the victor's cry.
Cloth'd in her darkest shroud, exulting Strife
Steeps her loose tresses in the stream of life,
Chafes each dread Champion hotter war to wage,
And sternly triumphs in the combat's rage.

Chief, where embattled Hougoumont ascends,
War turns his might, and all his fury bends.
Seize but that post, and Gallia shall prevail !
Wild with high hope, her eager sons assail.

The grove is won!—Oh, hasten, ere too late,
On the fierce foe to close yon guardian gate!
But who shall dare the danger? Who roll back
Its ponderous weight against the mad attack?
Then burst, in all its native lightning, forth
Th' indignant spirit of the hardy North.
See'st thou yon Highland Chief, whose gleaming brand
Has met so oft the foeman hand to hand?
Forward he springs! exulting shouts proclaim
His arm's strong triumph, and Macdonnel's name.*
Vainly without still chafes the frantic Gaul;
The storm of war turns harmless from the wall.
As oft the bold tornado of the West
Howls round the dwelling of the Indian's rest.
Still with new fury rocks the solid base,
And shakes the fabric it can ne'er displace.

But fiercest, deadliest, in his swift career,
Spurs his hot steed th' impetuous Cuirassier.
In vain the sword those rivets may assail,
And idly thence rebounds the iron hail.
Destruction, hurtling in the cannon's bray,
Sweeps the thinn'd ranks before their destin'd way:
Onward they dart, beneath the battle-cloud,

* See Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk.

Wrapt, like the lightning, in its sulphurous shroud,
And urge, as swift, their fiery coursers on,
Where Havoc scents her prey o'er Mount St. John.
Can yon small bands, like lonely forts, dispers'd
O'er the wide plain, withstand th' o'erwhelming burst?
It may not be!—Yet gaze once more around;
Whose headlong coursers strew th' ensanguin'd ground?
Who sink beneath the musket's steady fires?—
'Tis Albion conquers!—'tis the Gaul expires!
Fix'd as her rocks, not banded worlds could tear
Each moveless phalanx from the serried square.
Their foemen charge—they point the bayonet's rows—
Their comrades fall—their lessen'd files they close,
With stern composure, more tremendous far
Than all the angry turbulence of war.
Swift to their aid, with conquest's thrilling cry
Sweep o'er the field Britannia's Cavalry.
Like the Simoon they come;—the prostrate foe
Grasps in convulsive death the plain below.
Where yawns the quarry with abrupt abyss,*
Headlong they roll, down,—down the precipice.
In undistinguishable tumult bleed
The wounded soldier, and the mangled steed.

* A tremendous slaughter took place, in the manner described, where some stone quarries had been opened on the plain.

All sights and sounds are blended ; the wild tone
Of dying horses, and the human groan.
Now the last fire, if 'twere in mercy, pour,
And bid Pain's torture rack the foe no more !

Oh, in that shock, that mingling, swelling fray,
When all was hurry, triumph, din, dismay,
When the wild strife forbade one pause for speech,
Or words, if spoken, ne'er the ear could reach,
How the soul spoke, or glanc'd in prompt reply,
Bright through its best interpreter, the eye.
With that mute organ, as they swiftly past,
Friends said farewell, uncertain if the last,
And the spar'd soldier, as from earth he rose,
Look'd silent gratitude to generous foes.
High feelings work'd, and soar'd the glowing soul,
Exalted, rapt, beyond its self-controul,
Whose miracles, when action dies to rest,
Meet scarcely credence in the wondering breast.
Then rose the zeal, or venom of the heart,
The lion's courage, or the scorpion's dart.
Then might be seen in whose heroic eyes
Brighten'd true valour, kindled at the skies :
Or where the torch, from Hell's demoniac brood
Snatch'd with dark fury, must be quench'd in blood.

Ye, whose firm front all Gallia's shock endures,
O when was bravery unmixt as yours?
'Twas not the inflated drunkenness of zeal,
Which dares not reason, but can only feel,
Such as Mohammed's fierce enthusiasts fir'd,
Or Odin's wild, barbaric chiefs inspir'd.
Ye saw no Houries, at the blissful gate,
No hall of heroes your proud triumphs wait.
To die ye deem'd not was to be forgiven,
The field, the path—the sword, the key to heaven.
Then what the vital spark, that inly burn'd,
What the high energy, which danger spurn'd?
The patriot's noble ardour,—lofty thought,
Which calmly look'd on all it shunn'd or sought.
And some there were, in whom a holier hope
Taught more serenely with the fight to cope;
With brighter prospects cheer'd the parting soul,
Than the poor promise of the nectar'd bowl,
And, while it urg'd not rashly on to death,
Drew his deep sting, and sooth'd the ebbing breath.
Nor your's gay Valour's momentary glance,
Which flash'd, or faded in the sons of France,
Like bubbles, lost in air, which form'd them first,
Their rainbow colours brightest, ere they burst.
Your's in resistance keen concentr'd shone,
Their's in wild onset gather'd heat alone.

This, like a wheel, but kindling as it goes,
That, ev'n at rest, with native ardour glows.

Oh, how contrasted is the vivid scene,
Where not a pause for thought can intervene,
With thee, sad Brussels, to thy fears resign'd,
Where thought grows madness in the o'er-wrought
mind !

Less dread the hour, when, rous'd at peep of morn,
From circling arms, Sons, Husbands, Friends were torn.
And they, who staid, again rush'd forth to hear
Once more the voice, most grateful to their ear ;
Taught by the nature of the heart to dwell
So long—so fondly—on that word, “ farewell !”
And wish it still repeated o'er, and o'er,
As if it had not reach'd the soul before.
But now the breast, with fiercer, deadlier throe,
Pants in the crisis of its joy, or woe :
Links all it sees, with all it wildly feels,
Deems every sound some oracle reveals,
And strains each fever'd nerve, 'till all things seem
The dark phantasma of a hideous dream.
Time seems to stagnate o'er th' unvaried day
In one broad blank of terror and dismay.
Unheeded now the sabbath's solemn rites,*

* The battle of Waterloo was fought on a Sunday.

Its toil suspended, and its calm delights.
The bells sound faintly, as the ringer's hand
Palsied with dread, had lost its own command.
And who can bid their sacred summons hail ?
Heard ye not deeper sounds upon the gale ?—
The cannon's ceaseless roar, which Fancy's ear,
As the breeze freshens, list'ning, deems more near.
Yet haply to some small, retiring fane
The holy pastor draws his simple train :
Pale—yet serene his front—his silver hair
More touch'd by time than bleach'd by earthly care.
Silent awhile, his eyes, uprais'd to heaven,
Declare whence all his strength is sought, and given ;
Then, as they fall, the sacred book he opes,
And points the source, whence spring his tranquil
hopes.

He speaks of Him, who all things can perform,
And reins the battle, as he guides the storm.
They hang upon his lips ; each face has caught
From his a portion of the peace it sought.
Amid the turbulence, that raves around,
The hurrying crowd—the battle's swelling sound—
This seems the last retreat, where Peace hath fled
Trembling to hide her meek, unshelter'd head.
A Heaven in Hell—a star of lovely light,
That brightest shines thro' severing clouds of night ;

Æolian notes, that still most sweetly cast
Their melting music on the rudest blast.

But, oh, for thee, brave Warrior, who afar
From thine own isle dost bear the brunt of war,
Wild are this sabbath's rites ;—the cannons roar
For bells' glad music on thy native shore.
For the sweet hymn the onset's madd'ning cry,
Shrieks of the wounded, groans of those, who die.
The foe's stern greeting, for the peaceful train,
Who only meet, to seek the sacred fane.
No prayer, save that in hurried silence given,
Which but commends the parting soul to Heaven.
No rest—ah, yes !—a rest, which nought shall break,
'Till the pale sleepers of the tomb awake.

Ah, to that scene the muse reluctant turns,
Where the groan deepens, and the combat burns ;
Or, if it pause, war's rage awhile repress
Is but the earthquake's interval of rest.
Tho' to the west declines the wearied sun,
Unglutted carnage seems but new begun.
Swells the full fight, commingled ; not, as erst,
Fix'd to one point, but in one general burst.
As clouds, that late o'er ether wide were driven,
Meet, mix, and combat in the midst of Heaven.

And darkest there, in dreadful might serene,
Frowning like Death, are Brunswick's warriors seen;
Whose dauntless bands, in memory of their chief,
Bear the sad hue of undissembling grief;
Yet seems it now no soft regret to shew,
But black revenge, and hate more stern than woe.
Where La Haye Sainte extends her shatter'd walls,
Faithful in death the Hanoverian falls.
Still rolls the dread artillery along,
Pours its loud peal, and thins th' embattled throng.
Still Gallia chafes, still Albion scorns to yield,
And falling numbers darken all the field.

See, see! what blaze shoots upwards from the vale?
What dark smoke soars where war-clouds cannot sail?
What deaf'ning thunders, what terrific jar
Swells with new horrors the loud voice of war?
As bursts from Etna's womb the fiery birth,
Towers to the sky, and shakes th' affrighted earth.
'Tis the wide ravage of th' infernal shell!
Alas! on Britain's bravest band it fell;
Where Hougoumont's beleaguer'd towers aspire,
Moated with blood, and canopied with fire.
But dare not look within! oh close the ear
Against those shrieks 'twere agony to hear!

Pent in those fatal walls the wounded lie ;
None, none may succour, and they cannot fly !
Oh, who can tell the horrors of that hour,
When Death seem'd dallying with his savage power ?
When the poor victim must perforce await,
Not with high ardour meet and dare his fate.
Hark, to that rattling, grating, shiv'ring crash !
Down the roof rushes—down the rafters dash.
A moment's darkness—then the flame again
Starts, like a strengthen'd giant, from the plain :
Around—within—above—o'er tower and wall
Shakes its red tresses, spreads its lurid pall ;
Then unrelenting pours its blasting breath
Fierce on its human prey—and all is death !
Not such thy fate, young hero of the band,
Who those proud walls unconquerably mann'd,
Brave Craufurd,* dauntlessly thy valour's glow
Led the bold sally full upon the foe.
Alas, too well was aim'd the fatal ball !
And, oh, what promise perish'd in thy fall !

* Thomas, son of Sir James Craufurd, Lieutenant in the third Guards. The command of the detachment at Hougoumont had devolved upon him, in consequence of two superior officers being killed. If it be objected, that I have singled out *one*, where *all* were brave, let private feeling plead my excuse.

While Memory lives, in silent woe, shall bend
O'er thy lov'd dust the parent—brother—friend.
For thee the Muse a fadeless wreath would twine,
And wed the name of Hougoumont to thine.

Where is Britannia's chief?—Go—range where'er
Threatens worst peril; thou shalt find him there.
He is the soul of War. His words inspire,
His dauntless looks, the keen electric fire,
Nor more obey'd than lov'd; and, oh, how well
Let dying Gordon, and Delancey tell!
Oh, how more true their warm affection's zeal,
Than all that Gallia for her Chief can feel!
Tho' wild devotion in her sons is seen,
'Tis love of self behind that nobler screen.
Their idol—Glory—they in him adore,
Success has crown'd him, and they ask no more.
And thou, Napoleon, who, on yonder height,
From morn'till eve, hast watch'd the dubious fight,
From Albion's Chieftain, oh, how different far
Thine hopes of conquest, and thine art of War!
Not thine, like him, where danger frowns to lead,
But wave thy legions where they die, or bleed.
Thou can'st not weep with him above the slain,
Thou only mournest thine have fall'n in vain.

O could I read thy bosom, and declare
The wilder fray, that boils, and rages there;
How from hot hope thro' ev'ry change it past,
Fear—rage—hate—terror—to despair at last!
Go then! the fool of passion, as of fame,
Play the last stake of Fortune's desp'rate game!
Cheer to the field thine own imperial band,
Who wait the waving of thy haughty hand,
To pour their souls in that unequall'd strife
For him, who recks but of one coward life!
Brave self-devotion! Such as Romans knew,
A nobler cause had made it virtue too.
'Tis done! Wild clamours rend th' etherial vault,
Herald their way, and cheer the last assault.
Now for your England, warriors, all combine,
Quit the deep phalanx, form the length'ning line!
Now is war's crisis! Daringly exchange
Firmness for fire, resistance for revenge!
Be as the wave, which once suspended stood,
Then pour'd on Egypt's train its whelming flood.
See how the conquering Sun has roll'd away
The throng of clouds, that veil'd his gloomy day,*
And beams effulgent in the western sky,

* A tempestuous night had ushered in a day of rain, and gloom, but the evening was bright and serene.

As if to light your troops to victory.
Reflected lustre from the bayonet streams,
And crested helms give back the level beams.
As, rising oft in far Arabia's land,
Whirl the red columns of collected sand,
Ting'd by the setting sun's dilated fire,
Proud to the skies the pillar'd flames aspire,
And sweep tremendous o'er the ravag'd plain,
While the pale pilgrim strives to fly in vain :
So nobly dread, so formidably bright
Mov'd England's host in all the pomp of light.
Strong as from peace, and fresh as from repose,
Now—now she rushes on her yielding foes.
The clearing smoke their hurrying rout reveals ;
All France gives way—a throne—an empire reels !
Wildly they fly, or bend the suppliant knee,
England is victor, and the world is free !
Distracted Uproar lords it o'er the plain :
Where bleed the wounded, or where sink the slain,
Onward they drive, pursuers, and pursued,
Nor check their footsteps deep in blood embrued.
Rout and Confusion, Fear, and Death are there,
And the pale form of pitiless Despair.

Oh yet exult not, as ye swift recede,
That the tir'd Briton checks his panting steed !

Fresh, and unbreath'd, impetuous as the wave,
Greedy as wolves, relentless as the grave,
The Prussian comes, his sword in blood unsteep'd,
To gather in the harvest England reap'd.
Hope not for mercy ! Did ye mercy shew,
When pale Silesia saw her conquering foe ?
Remember Ligny, where the flag of Death
Wav'd its black menace o'er the host beneath.*
The Briton, bulwark'd by his rocky strand,
Ne'er saw thee blight the gardens of his land.
No injur'd wife, no murder'd offspring call
His soul to vengeance on the cruel Gaul :
But there are wrongs, too deep to be redrest,
That fret, and rankle in the Prussian's breast.
The cup of vengeance holds its mantling draught
Close to his lips,—and deep shall it be quaff'd !

But darkness yet that madd'ning flight may shroud,—
Oh, for a night of tempest, gloom, and cloud !
Uprose the Moon, unclouded, broad, and bright,
In all the beauty of a summer's night.
Heedless of men, alike she seems to move
O'er fields of carnage, or the peaceful grove,
The dread pursuit of foes, or harmless scenes of love.

* At the battle of Ligny, the French hoisted the black flag, which signified that no quarter would be given.

Now her pale lamp she holds o'er Slaughter's hand,
Guides the sure blow, and points the vengeful brand.
Onward they rush, 'till the reflected beam
Quivers on Sambre's gently-gliding stream.
Ah, gentle now no more! The broken wave
Flashes above the soldier's wat'ry grave.
The stifled groan, the frequent plunge declare
That foemen slay, and warriors perish there.

But turn your eyes, where spreads the tranquil light
O'er the wide plain, where rag'd the desperate fight,
Death's banquet-room, where wildly mingled lie
The wrecks of his tremendous revelry.
The pale ray gleams on many a paler cheek,
Distain'd alone by slaughter's crimson streak;
And oft the glist'ning radiance, mildly wan,
Falls on a face too beautiful for man;
While from the riven helm escap'd have roll'd
Dark braided tresses, or dishevell'd gold.
'Tis Gallia's maid, who by her warrior's side
In danger triumph'd, and devoted died.

O woman, with thy grace what strength combines!
Faithful as ivy to the shaft it twines,
Which closer still in ruin clasps it round,
And gives in turn the kind support it found!

Contrasted lies, with features sternly set,
Each ghastlier corse, which seems to menace yet :
The war-horse stiff ; his head thrown wildly back,
And limbs extended as on torture's rack.
And here, and there, about the horrid plain,
The wounded, stumbling o'er the heaps of slain,
Glare on each other with impatient eyes,
And look the vengeance, their weak arm denies.
Or thou may'st see some sad survivor bend
O'er the cold relics of an only friend.
Oh, there are hearts, that can but blend with one,
And earth becomes a void when that is gone !
There hover too the harpies of the strife,
Whose poignard drinks the last of ebbing life.
Greedy as Death, with Death the spoil they share,
Fiercely away the warrior's arms they tear,
Cuirass, and spear, whose shine is dimm'd in blood,
Helmet, and plume, all trampled deep in mud,
Deaf to th' imploring groans, that feebly burst
From the poor victims of insatiate thirst.
All—all is horror ! Spare the aching sight,
Nor close in gloom the triumphs of the fight.

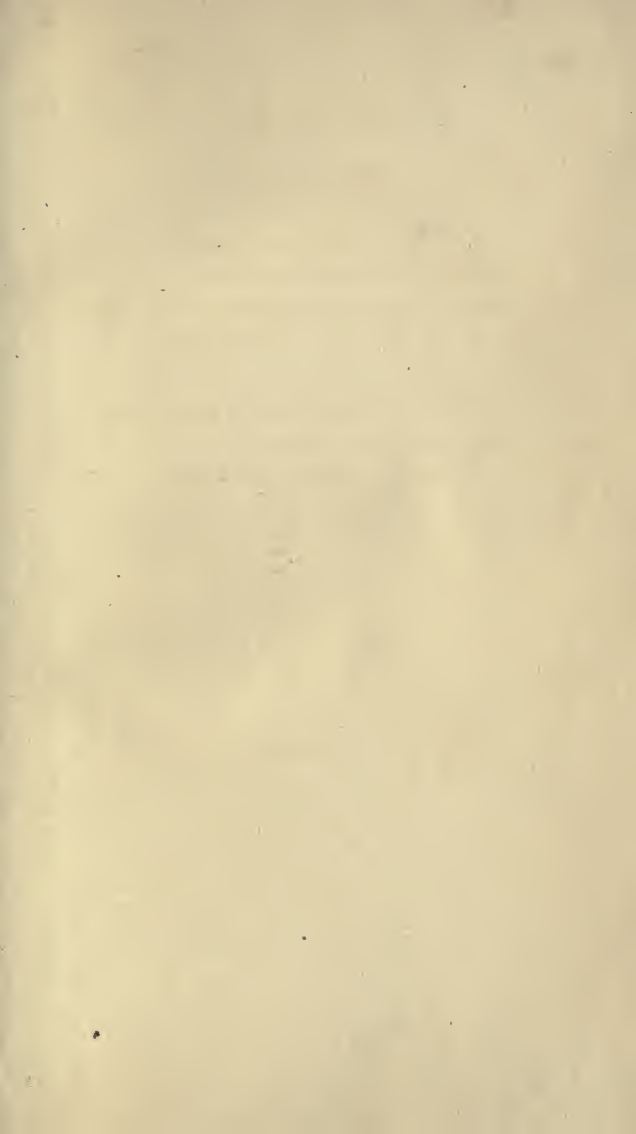
Oh what a change one fleeting day has wrought,
Too wild for fancy, and too swift for thought !

How different now the solemn calm, that reigns,
From that, which lull'd last eve th' expectant plains !
Then apprehension thrill'd, or hope beat high,
Now all is hush'd in silent certainty.
And where is he, whose madly-daring hand
Pil'd the dread pyre, then toss'd the kindling brand ?
He far away pursues his hurried flight,
Invoking all the deepest shades of night.
O greatly-fall'n, and could'st thou bear to fly,
Outcast from fame, no less than victory ?
Fall'n like the avalanche, all powerless laid,
That melts amid the wrecks itself had made.
Did'st thou not seem the Prussian's shriek to hear,
And groans from Jaffa murmur'd in thine ear ?
Frowning in Angel's wrath see Wright succeed,
And murder'd D'Enghien asks, " Who bade me bleed ?"
Farewell ! If Conscience have not lost her power,
Her frowns will darken the avenging hour.
Yes, all is o'er ! Dominion, glory, fame,
Shrink in Napoleon to an empty name.
As the proud Aloe, hail'd with wondering gaze,
Towers in an age with bloom, that soon decays,
So past away his pageantry, and power,
Ripen'd thro' years, but wither'd in an hour :
And he, who climb'd thro' rapine, waste, and war,
To Fame's steep height—Chief—Consul—Emperor—

At once from Emperor to nothing hurl'd,
Has left to peace th' arena of the world.
Yes ; all is o'er ! War's storm has past away,
And earth reviving shines in clearer day.
The world re-blooms, Peace flourishes anew
Like thy own field, victorious Waterloo !
Where, for the ghastly corse of the slain,
Fair Plenty piles her sheaves of golden grain ;
Or verdure freshly springs, and flowerets wave,
In vernal beauty, o'er the warrior's grave.
Proud theatre of Freedom ! Blest domain,
Where injur'd Justice dar'd assert her reign,
Still shalt thou live, still boast the Despot's fall,
Twin'd with high names, yet loftier than them all.
Heart-kindling spot, to thee shall Fancy stray,
To thee the bard still consecrate his lay ;
Still many a pilgrim roam thy vale around,
Lingering, as if the spot were holy ground,
Ev'n tho' he shed no heart-wrung, bitter tear
For death too kindred, and for woe too near ;
Hail'd in each clime, by unborn ages sung,
Whose fate on thee in wavering balance hung.
While oak, or olive binds each nation's brow,
And mourning Brunswick wreathes the cypress bough,
While France, yet trembling from Destruction's flood,
Wears her pale Lily, stain'd with filial blood,

To Albion the triumphant Laurel yield,
Reap'd with her sword on thy unrivall'd field
High Arbitress of nations, Ocean's Queen,
In might majestic, in success serene,
Where, calm in joy, her smiling front she rears,
Yet fondly weeps with all a Mother's tears,
Gaze on the regal crown, that gems her brows,
Where 'mid the brightness, brighter lustre glows,
That dazzling glory, that diviner hue
Darts from thy name, immortal Waterloo !

THE END.



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